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THE TREATY OF ZURICH.

THE last reported obstacle to the signature of the Treaty of Zurich was rather amusing and characteristic than serious. Austria has dealt so largely in bad money for the benefit of her subjects and creditors, that, having for once to receive a considerable sum, she naturally remembered the expediency of ringing every coin on the counter. France or Sardinia proposed to pay forty millions of florins in new Austrian currency, and the Imperial Finance Minister or the Plenipotentiary at Zurich insisted on *Convention-money*. The debtor may perhaps have a strong *argumentum ad fuscum*, when he maintains that the contract referred to the circulating medium which the creditor was in the habit of employing in his own payments; but, on the whole, an impartial arbitrator would probably decide that a florin was a florin, and not an Austrian token or a promise to pay. It was not likely, however, that potentates who had swallowed the mutual stipulations of Villafranca would permanently strain at a trifling percentage on a sum of four millions sterling. The treaty has accordingly been signed, and the question whether it is to be carried into execution will depend on external circumstances. The decisions of a Congress would supersede any arbitrary arrangement between France and Austria, and the refusal of the Great Powers to enter into such a discussion would still more effectually invalidate the separate decision of the late belligerents.

The fate of Italy may in part depend on the prudence of the English Minister, and on his firmness in pursuing the policy which M. DE MONTALEMBERT intemperately stigmatizes as ignoble, but which, as appears from Sir G. C. LEWIS's speech at the Guildhall, the Government will not renounce. It is to be hoped that this resolution will be steadily adhered to; and if it should be true that Russia and Prussia have determined to abstain from any Congress which excludes England, it is evident that the threatened encroachments on Italy can receive no sanction of public law without the consent of Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL. Even if the four Continental Powers were to confirm the arrangements of Zurich, England would still be at liberty to recognise the *de facto* Governments which might exist in any part of Italy. The interested assertions of the French papers that the Congress is forthwith to assemble, show the importance which is attached to the co-operation or passive acquiescence of England. Although it would be easy for the united forces of France and Austria to overrun Italy, the dangers of an armed interference are perfectly understood at Vienna, as well as at Paris. If vague promises of liberal institutions in the Ecclesiastical States tempted the English Government to join the Congress, subsequent coercion would be applied to Central Italy with a more plausible appearance of legality. Pius VII. owed the restoration of his dominions in a great measure to the friendly intervention of Lord CASTLEREAGH. The gratitude which the Roman Catholic prelates have since expressed towards the English Government will not encourage Lord JOHN RUSSELL to be equally active in favour of another dispossessed Pontiff.

The Emperor of the FRENCH has weakened his position by altering in his definitive treaty the terms which were hastily drawn up at Villafranca. His only colour of right, when he claimed to give back the Duchies to their former rulers, must have been deduced from the assumption that all Northern Italy was included in the area of war. As against collective Europe, neither conquest nor concession could transfer the sovereignty of Lombardy from Austria to France; but victory and military possession sometimes displace the strict rules of international jurisprudence, and it might be argued that the occupation of a ter-

ritory by a successful invader gave an inclusive right of possession or of disposition. As the evacuation of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, by the Austrian garrisons resulted, in fact, from the progress of the allied armies, it might be urged that the author of the dynastic revolution had a right to undo the work which he had himself recently accomplished. Natural right, strict public law, the wishes and interests of the population, were all opposed to the interference of a foreign potentate in the concerns of the Duchies; but a colourable claim, backed by superior force, has often been made effective, and it is, perhaps fortunate that in the definitive treaty an entirely new arrangement is substituted for the rough draft of settlement which terminated the war. It is evident that in time of peace Austria and France have no reasonable pretension to give Modena to the infant Duke of PARMA, or to alter the limits of the Duchy of TUSCANY. Adjustments of territory for the exclusive benefit of princely families have often been made by the authority of the Great Powers; but one or two potentates can only imitate the policy of Vienna by an utter defiance of precedent as well as of justice.

For ten years past the diplomatists of Europe have been perpetually haunted by a phantom dread of revolution, and even English Ministers, with little motive for protecting foreign institutions from change, have not unfrequently echoed the commonplaces of their Continental colleagues or correspondents. When the French and English Legations were withdrawn from Naples, it was conventionally pretended that tyranny might lead to revolution. When Count CAVOUR brought the wrongs of Italy before the Congress of Paris, he was compelled to ground his remonstrances on a similar fiction. Lord MALMESBURY entreated France to remain at peace, and Austria to make concessions, because it was possible that the terrible bugbear of revolution might at last assume a visible form. If there was any meaning or sincerity in the phrase which is so common in the mouths of statesmen, there is now an occasion for actually guarding against the imminent probability of a social or popular conflict. Lord ELLENBOROUGH, with the vigorous one-sidedness of his understanding, has fixed his mind on the undoubted fact that GARIBALDI's motives, as compared with those of Kings or of Ministers, are purely patriotic and Italian. The great partisan leader is bound to France neither by gratitude nor by respect, and he is wholly indifferent to the curses of the Pope and to the wrath of his millions of spiritual subjects, including, as M. ABOUT observes, the Jew boy MORTARA. If he is left alone, as long as a regiment or a squadron of horse will follow his fortunes, GARIBALDI will fight against Italian despots, Austrians, or Frenchmen, without reserve, scruple, or collateral motive. Lord ELLENBOROUGH only forgets that the question is not who will fight for the independence of Italy, but who will achieve and secure it. VICTOR EMMANUEL possesses all the innumerable advantages which custom and association have vested in established and legitimate Sovereigns. His government over Northern and Central Italy will be only an extension of his ancestral dominion; nor will it involve any social change in the condition of any portion of the community. His friends and enemies know what they have to hope or to fear from his success, and even from the struggle which may precede it. If he is forced to decline the offered crown, the conduct of the national cause will fall to a leader who must necessarily fight for his own hand. GARIBALDI must appeal to the passions of the people as well as to their reason; and he will probably find it necessary to rely on the least instructed part of the population, because he must draw his soldiers from the most numerous class. The movement has hitherto fallen into the hands of the aristocracy and of the educated middle classes. It rests with the statesmen of Europe to convert it into a

democratic insurrection. The hope of a peaceable and advantageous solution seems to depend wholly on the success of VICTOR EMANUEL in carrying out the wishes of the Italian people.

MR. BRIGHT ON TAXATION.

MR. BRIGHT has written to some of his constituents a letter which exceeds in virulence and injustice any of the numerous attacks on the country and its institutions which he has made since the commencement of his career as an agitator. The general charge that the House of Commons, from the basest motives of personal selfishness, taxes the poor and spares the rich, forms, as usual, his favourite topic; and the perversity of his prejudices is curiously illustrated by his selection of the most direct impost on property as the immediate subject of his inflammatory declamation. One of his constituents appears to have sent him a pamphlet on the Income-tax, which was probably neither more nor less silly or blundering than nine-tenths of the attempts to solve an arithmetical problem by the aid of popular rhetoric. The conclusions of the writer may be collected from the eager concurrence of his correspondent in the opinion that the tax is hateful and intolerable; but in his present state of mind Mr. BRIGHT cannot pause to dwell on a special grievance. When the whole state of political society is rotten, nothing but a sweeping revolution can remedy at its source the misgovernment which displays itself in innumerable social and fiscal abuses. "The Parliament (I speak of the 'two Houses') is a Parliament of the rich; it has no immediate interest in economy or in equal taxation." It is, therefore, not surprising that, according to Mr. BRIGHT, when the whole revenue exceeds sixty-five millions, "not ten millions sterling are raised by taxes affecting only the possessors of the visible property of the country. The Customs and Excise alone raise more than forty-two millions collected on articles, the great bulk of which is consumed by that portion of the population which has no property but its labour, and no income but its wages, and which, as might be expected from the fact just stated, has no voice in Parliament, and is wholly without representation in the Government of the country." The House of Commons is also accused of maintaining the distinction between land and personal property in the assessment of probate duty, and of levying a higher proportional rate on personalty for succession duty, although "it pretended to correct the injustice in 1853." For the twentieth time it is reasserted that the members of the Legislature are not so much of the tax-paying as of the tax-consuming class, and the coarse falsehood is shamelessly reproduced, that "the eldest of the family takes the estate in land, and the rest of the family occupy their lives mainly in a scramble for their undivided interest in that other estate contributed yearly by the payers of taxes." The fierce animosity of the demagogue breaks out in reiterated variations of his general charge, and his indictment is summed up in the declaration that "there is something essentially mean and singularly cruel in the manner in which the taxation of this country has been and still is levied." The only remedy is to be found "in a change of the authority by which taxes are levied and the public funds expended. A monarch solely, or a monarch and an aristocracy, or both working with a mock representation, never did and never can give any security for economy in Governments or for a just imposition of public burdens."

The first difficulty in replying to such mischievous calumnies against England and its institutions arises from the irritating diversion of the attention by a jostling crowd of untruths and fallacies. In the present instance, the discourse, with all its strangely sophistical violence, is most strange when it is considered in relation to its text. Mr. BRIGHT, in reply to a communication about the Income-tax, asserts that tax-payers are not represented in Parliament, and that it is only by assuming their due share of political power that they can shift their burdens upon others. Does he mean to say that the Income-tax is paid by the poor, or that any male contributor to the impost can have the smallest difficulty in obtaining a vote, if he happens not to enjoy the franchise at present? "Hateful and intolerable" as the tax may be, by far the greater portion of it is paid by owners of realized property; and the traders, professional classes, and farmers, who are assessed upon their earnings, are, with scarcely an exception, included in the actual constituency of the country. Let there be sham representation, selfish

oppression, preference of the rich to the poor in other parts of the fiscal system—still the fact remains, that no single contributor to the Income-tax has less than 100*l.* a-year, and among the millions on whom Mr. BRIGHT proposes to confer the franchise scarcely one is assessed to the Income-tax. It is therefore not for the alleviation of burdens on the working-classes, but for the relief of those who are comparatively wealthy, that the Income-tax would be readjusted. It may also be observed that the alleged inequality of the probate and succession duty, is for similar reasons wholly irrelevant to the proposed democratic reform. Testators and legatees belong to the enfranchised classes, whether their property consists in money or in land. An inundation of operatives living on wages would, at least as far as Income-tax and succession duties are concerned, altogether destroy the connexion between taxation and representation. In his classification of the sources of revenue, Mr. BRIGHT has, not undesignedly, omitted all mention of thirteen or fourteen millions which are also directly paid by the members of the present constituencies. The assessed taxes are imposed exclusively on those whom demagogues denounce as "the rich." The stamp duties are levied on transactions which assume, on the part of all who share in them, the possession of realized property. A workman living wholly on wages neither keeps a carriage nor executes transfers of land and of stock. In this case, also, the fivefold increase of the constituencies would give absolute control over the tax to those who pay nothing towards it.

The Customs and Excise duties must, of course, if they are to be productive, fall on the great mass of the community, and it is scarcely worth while to object that the wine duty and some minor branches of the Customs fall, like the Income-tax, the Stamp Duties, the Succession Duties, and the Assessed Taxes, exclusively on the classes which are represented in Parliament. The general burdens on consumption most directly affect the poorer classes, and this unavoidable incidence ought to be carefully considered in all fiscal and commercial legislation. Nevertheless, it is absurd to pretend that two-fifths of the public revenue are really raised from the wages of workmen. Mr. BRIGHT was a political economist when it suited his purpose, and he is still capable of understanding that the price of beer and tea and coffee forms a principal element in the regulation of wages; but, as one of the humble BRIGHTS of the builders' strike observed, "If political economy is against me, I will be against political economy." It would be useless to point out once more that the calumniated House of Commons has for nearly twenty years been constantly employed in reducing the burdens on consumption, while the direct taxes have at the same time been largely increased. A monarch by himself, or with the help of a mock representation, will never readjust the public burdens, and therefore it would be inconvenient to admit that the task has actually been performed by the mock representatives of England.

Surely even an agitator must admit that France and Austria are not more fully represented than these unhappy islands; and Mr. BRIGHT is bound to explain why a despotism approximates to the fiscal system of which he seems to approve. The English customs produce, in round numbers, twenty millions out of sixty. The Austrian customs produce about a quarter of a million out of thirty-five millions. It seems to follow that the Austrian constitution is, so far, forty or fifty times as good as the English. On the other hand, the United States of America, with their faultless system of popular government, actually raise the whole of the Federal revenue by taxes on consumption; and Mr. BRIGHT himself will scarcely have the audacity to maintain that their customs duties are excused because they are incidentally arrayed so as to protect their domestic manufactures. There is much to be said on the choice between direct and indirect taxation; but if the Income-tax is intolerable, there is comparatively little prospect of relieving beer, or paper, or tobacco.

But, according to Mr. BRIGHT, there may be a large diminution of public expenditure; and the people, once admitted to the enjoyment of their inalienable rights, will enforce a large reduction of the army, the navy, and the civil establishments. If any curious reformer would take the trouble to expunge from the national outlay the pay and perquisites of all relatives and connexions of Peers and Members of Parliament, he would possibly find that, at the expense of leaving a considerable amount of public service unperformed, he might reduce the sixty-five millions expended to sixty-four and a-half. The possessors of power under the new Consti-

tution are to exercise their influence in the first instance by readjusting the fiscal system, and imposing the bulk of the public burdens on realized property. When their task is accomplished, it is not easy to see what pressing motive they can have for practising or enforcing economy. *Cantabit vacuus*—the voter will pay no taxes, and he will not object to spend the property of his neighbours. All experience shows that politicians from the poorer classes are most greedy of the public money, and it is certain that the mass of the community is always more warlike than the educated minority. It is idle to reason with those who concur with Mr. BRIGHT in his objects, but it may not be too late to appeal to those who affect sympathy with his means, although they utterly disapprove his ends. When a hack Liberal member comes from the House in an evening with a complacent report that Mr. BRIGHT has just spoken with great moderation, he means that the alliance between the friends of the present Constitution and its irreconcilable enemy is still maintained for the purposes of party. Sham reformers are willing to co-operate with the inveterate revolutionist under the delusion that a new Reform Bill can be contrived which will leave all political power in the hands of those who possess it at present. It is not Mr. BRIGHT's fault if the danger of meddling with edge-tools is not fully appreciated by those whom it may concern.

COLONIAL PROTECTIONISM.

THERE appeared the other day, in a corner of one of the penny newspapers, the most extraordinary correspondence which we remember to have seen in print. The Ballot Society, it seems, had written to some Australian politicians for their opinion as to the value of the objections to secret voting which are entertained in England. The Australians reply that, as to the political objections, they can say nothing, because the state of society in their part of the world has no resemblance to that which exists in England; but that, as to the moral objections, it will be satisfactory to know that no importance is attached to them in Australia. The simplicity of the overtone and the impudence of the rejoinder are really quite delightful. Australia is doubtless not what it once was. People now go there voluntarily, at all events. But, taking all things into consideration—considering the history of the Australian colonies, the occupations of the colonists, and the elements still powerful in society—surely perplexed inquirers never went to a more wonderful place for an opinion on a delicate question of morals. Where shall England, in her dotage, go next for an instructor in the accomplishment of sucking eggs? Shall we be sending to Rome for an exposition of toleration, or to Peking for a solemn judgment on the obligation of treaties?

It is evident that some advanced but very innocent Reformers among us—because they are accustomed, we suppose, to demand an extended suffrage on the score of the spread of intelligence—are under the impression that increased intelligence goes necessarily with multiplied votes. The more electors, they argue, the more absolute wisdom. Nothing can be more groundless than the notion. The only political and economical doctrines worth carrying into practice are those devised and adopted by educated men, and the value of free institutions arises exclusively from the moral vigour imbibed by the community in consciously giving effect to the conclusions of higher intellects. If an educated class be limited or wanting, a democratic society is as fruitful of bad government as the worst of despotisms. A fact not known to Ballot politicians is that the young Anglo-Saxon societies scattered about the world are much more likely to revive old errors than to discover new truths. They exhibit, for instance, the strongest bias towards Protectionism; and about the worst exemplification of this tendency is just now given by the most mature of them—Canada. There is, it may be known to some of our readers, an understanding on the subject of customs duties between Canada and the United States. Under the convention which sanctions this understanding, the corn of Canada finds a ready market in the great cities of New York and New England, where the Prairie wheat of Illinois and Wisconsin, once so dreaded by English farmers, sells at a considerable disadvantage compared with cereals which, though produced on a harder soil and in an unkindlier climate, are easily conveyed to the Atlantic seaboard along the numerous eastern lines of railway. The admission of his produce into the United States at a low duty is thus a great boon to the Canadian

agriculturist. It is paid for almost exclusively in American manufactures. They are dear enough and bad enough; but here, again, the great facility of carriage enables them to hold their ground in Canada with goods imported from Great Britain. There are, however, unfortunately, some languishing manufactures in Lower Canada; and the Lower Canadians, tempted by the great development of Upper Canadian agriculture, have recently conceived the wish to monopolize the control of the market furnished by the other Provinces. The effort has already been attended by partial success, for the Lower Canadians are extremely powerful in the Legislature, apparently through that remarkable tenacity in hanging together which is uniformly displayed by Roman Catholic populations. There are, no doubt, some intelligent men in league with the Lower Canadian party (such as the Mr. Ross who a day or two ago addressed a letter to the *Times*) who contend that the new Canadian tariff is only intended to increase revenue; but there is no question that the clamour by which it has been backed is distinctly Protectionist. Under these circumstances, it is more than probable that the United States will put an end to the Convention; nor can they be blamed for doing so. The case is a particularly bad one, because one Canadian province is distinctly seeking to thrive at the expense of the other. It is also a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of Protectionism. Though their tastes and their historical antecedents prevent the Canadians from desiring incorporation with the United States, there is, at the same time, absolutely nothing whatever in the physical circumstances of the countries to forbid a union which the Americans occasionally express their intention of effecting by force. Every argument by which a rigid Customs line between Canada and the United States is defended makes also for a Customs line between New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio.

It is a very great mistake to suppose that Protectionism is a theory peculiar to aristocracies. It was pure accident which associated it with the English aristocracy. Wherever a powerful producing interest is in contact with a valuable home-market, it is sure, in default of economical knowledge, to clamour for protective duties. The English aristocracy, which has not had its wealth exposed to serious diminution since the Wars of the Roses, had gradually become the greatest producing interest in the world. Its power in Parliament on all fiscal questions had rather increased than decreased since the Reform Bill, through the operation of the Chandos Clause. At the same time, the English home market had become extraordinarily valuable through the growth of population and the immense development of manufactures. The English aristocracy was therefore Protectionist in the main; but there is no instance in history of a monopoly resigned so easily, and, on the whole, so gracefully, or where so large a proportion of the interested class was on the side of the economists. If the circumstances had been altered—if the English manufactures had been sold extensively at home, and their producers had cared but little for the foreign-market—the northern constituencies would have been almost certainly Protectionist, and would have been much more difficult to convince of their error than the landed gentry and nobility. The superficial plausibility of the Protectionist fallacies was just of a nature to captivate electoral bodies who submit to no external influence, but who are far from having the capacity to understand the principles of free-trade, dependent as they are for their proof on long trains of deductive reasoning. Now a colony is only a Lancashire constituency on a great scale. In colonial populations there are few trained intellects to guide, and accordingly we find that Protectionism is coming rapidly into favour. In Canada it takes the familiar form of a cry for protection to native industry. It is difficult to say, among the feverish political agitations of Australia, what the colonists desire; but, apparently, the rudest form of the Protectionist theory prevails. There the clamour is for protection to industry simply. The diggers at first mutinied against gold-crushing machinery, and more recently the whole labouring class has been trying to proscribe the Chinese immigrant. It is true that there are grounds on which this last attempt is justifiable; but not for the reasons which have weight with the Australian masses. It is impossible not to wish that the English race in Australia may preserve itself from corruption of blood; but the agitation against the Chinese had nothing to do with alarm at the consequences of contact with barbarism. Its motives were the same as those of Mr. POTTER's strike. It was merely directed against competing labourers.

THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

DURING the prorogation or the adjournment of Parliament, a Guildhall banquet becomes no less a political than a civic ceremony. At this season of the year, when the Cabinet is enjoying rest from the awkward interruptions of Parliamentary interpellators, none of its members can well open their mouths without attracting some attention. A Lord Mayor's dinner brings them in a body before the public. Each of the number, excepting those who are happily exempted from attendance by temporary indisposition, must rise in turn to acknowledge the toast with which his name has been coupled, and to make an appropriate harangue. It is no use attempting to escape. Every celebrity who is present has to speak. First come the Bishops—ever ready to improve the occasion—who are led out like tame elephants to decoy the wild ones on. Then follows the real business of the evening. Her MAJESTY'S Ministers are started one by one—the reporters prick up their ears—and the world prepares to watch and weigh each word that falls from Ministerial lips. The various panegyrists whose duty is to give the several toasts, rise to move for a return of what is doing in the different official departments and Downing-street in general. The motion is met by brilliant manœuvring on the part of the attacked. Every kind of eloquence is brought into play for the defence. There is the orator who, having nothing to tell us, is put in the front of the battle. He is usually impressive, and speaks with much enigmatic majesty. Next appears the man who might say a great deal if he chose, and who carries to perfection the art of saying nothing. The facetious politician who is precluded by the arrangements of the evening from singing a comic song makes up for it by uttering comic sentiment. Lastly, we have, perhaps, the philosophic statesman, who takes a bird's-eye view of civilization, and winds up with allusions to education and the march of mind. The evening ends; and we feel that we have learnt less than we fancied it was just possible we might learn. With the exception of a Queen's Speech, few things excite curiosity so much and satisfy it so little as Ministerial oratory at a City dinner.

Occasionally, however, it happens that in spite of the official reticence which is often so expeditious and always so dignified, we pick up some crumbs of information that are not without their value. The present moment is one at which we are glad to glean anything that bears upon the future policy of the English Government. Nor is England alone desirous of learning what attitude her Executive has resolved upon assuming, in the face of the many difficulties which agitate the world. The entire Continent is interested in the decisions of our Government. Those various European events which have lately taken place have—contrary, perhaps, to all anticipation—increased, if anything, the influence and authority of our Cabinet abroad. During the last two months England has been acquiring more and more moral weight in Europe. The importance of the neutral Powers towards the close of the war in Italy was becoming daily evident. After the peace of Villafranca had been concluded, some reaction naturally followed, and the interests of the Italian Peninsula seemed to lie at the mercy of the two reconciled belligerents. The appearance was but transitory. It soon became clear that those who had not taken an active part in the struggle were not precluded from influencing the final arrangements which that struggle had rendered necessary. Accordingly, the fate of Italy depends mainly this day upon the course adopted by the three Great Powers, Russia, Prussia, and Great Britain. The declaration made by Lord JOHN RUSSELL some short time ago at Aberdeen, to the effect that this country was determined to have nothing to do with any diplomatic deliberations not based upon the recognition of the right of the Italians to choose their own rulers, was calculated to be of much service to the cause of liberty and right. But the rumours that have subsequently been current both in England and in Paris of modifications in the views of the English Ministry, required a distinct reassertion of Lord JOHN'S statement in order that the public mind might be reassured. That no open invitation to a Congress has as yet been sent to this country is anything but an evil symptom as far as Italy is concerned. Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS'S explicit announcement, that none can be entertained for an instant unless accompanied by an express acknowledgment that all idea of armed intervention has been definitely abandoned, will not be without its effect on the Cabinet of the Tuileries. By a uniform adherence to such a policy Lord PALMERSTON'S Ministry will merit the gratitude of the Italians, and win popularity with Englishmen.

It is no disparagement to the HOME SECRETARY to say that his oration reads somewhat like a Parliamentary paper. No compilation of his oratorical performances would be perfect and complete unless it were bound in blue. The ancient institution of City Laureate has long since passed away. We confess that for some reasons we are sorry that it should be so. When the civic banqueters lay hushed and satiate, their festive labours over, how pleasant it would have been to think that some Elkanah Settle—*brassiced virens coronâ*—was labouring through the night to turn Sir C. LEWIS into English verse. Yet his speech, if not poetical, was prudent. He dwelt briefly, but skilfully, upon the chief subjects that engage the thoughts of the country just at present. From the determined tone with which he touched on the outrages lately offered to our ambassador in China, and on the necessity for prompt and efficient measures in that quarter of the globe, we may conjecture that on this point unanimity reigns in the Cabinet. Mr. GLADSTONE, who was present, and who spoke later in the evening, said nothing to justify the suspicion that he was inclined to adopt a less decided view, or considered his tenure of office at all likely to terminate prematurely. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a step more ruinous to his future political prospects than an abandonment on his part of the body he so recently has joined. Mr. MILNER GIBSON was also among the company at Guildhall. Though he contributed nothing to the speeches of the night, his presence is worthy of remark, as a proof that, in spite of the ill-omened predictions of a portion of the French press, no rupture has taken place, or is immediately to be apprehended, between his colleagues and himself. How far the hint, thrown out by Sir C. LEWIS, that the Government were prepared to produce a scheme of Reform, was more than a convivial figure of speech, is, of course, a question. The harmony which apparently prevails among the members of the Ministry is not much in favour of the hypothesis that the details of a Reform Bill have formed a subject of discussion in the recent and numerous Cabinet Councils. Any measure that is to represent the principles of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Mr. MILNER GIBSON, and Mr. GLADSTONE will have to be constructed with some degree of ingenuity. But, whatever may be the ultimate duration of the present Government, it is evident that England's foreign policy would suffer incalculably from any want of unity displayed by them at present. It is more important, during the next few months, that the welfare of Italy and the peace of Europe should be assured than even that an adequate Reform Bill should be framed betimes.

With regard to the national defences, it is on the whole more satisfactory to be informed by the Duke of SOMERSET and Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT that much is being done, than to be told by Sir JOHN PAKINGTON that the late Government have left nothing unaccomplished. The War Office is entitled to no little praise for the active encouragement it is giving to the establishment of rifle corps throughout the kingdom. Whether the well-founded fears of Englishmen are justified by the result or no—whatever be the state of our relations with France for some time to come—it is impossible not to see how greatly Ministers will be strengthened in their Continental policy by a consciousness that the country is thoroughly armed. Every word which falls from them to show that they are alive to the duty of protecting our coasts, does more to establish them in the confidence of their fellow-subjects than a hundred promises of enlarged franchise or reduced taxation. Even Mr. GLADSTONE felt it desirable to be explicit on this head, and, with an effort of self-abnegation very commendable in a CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, consented to place national safety above reduction of expenditure. If Mr. GLADSTONE had not been a scholar and a churchman he would have been a member of the Manchester School, and his peroration is dashed with allusions to an economical millennium when financial burdens shall be no more. But "the sting of taxation is wastefulness," and if he is desirous to recommend his financial reign to his countrymen, he will be less anxious to see little money raised than to see the money which is raised well spent. The cause of his panegyric on retrenchment lies partly in the chronic tendencies of his own mind. But it is probably not unconnected with the recent publication of Mr. BRIGHT'S manifesto, which, like the famous Tuscan dictionary of GIGLI of Sienna, explains the whole phenomena of taxation briefly enough under two heads—"DUKES, *vide TAXES*," "TAXES, *vide DUKES*." Mr. GLADSTONE may have thought it advisable to show that the present is not the past, and that

financial economy may be advocated by a moderate and even a Conservative mind. But there is an instability and a flightiness in the sudden transition from the topic of national armaments to that of reduction of taxes which is anything but tranquillizing. It is impossible not to respect the character and talents of Mr. GLADSTONE. Yet it is difficult to repose confidence in him as a politician, or to feel sure that he may not any day desert the Ministry, to which he lends much ability and prestige, but little moral weight.

DR. CULLEN ON THE ROMAN QUESTION.

ARCHBISHOP CULLEN has delivered another prolocution, or allocution—or, if a simple term must be used, a speech—on the affairs of Rome. The wonderful style which is commonly employed by the Holy See and its dignitaries has probably been found necessary to represent states of mind and processes of thought which are entirely remote from ordinary secular apprehension. The difference between the prelates who are now agitating on behalf of the POPE and the advocates of Italian independence goes farther than a mere antagonism of principles, of motives, and of political or religious opinions. Laymen, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, are generally aware that words are intended to represent things, and that, although a plausible argument may be founded on a deceptive statement, it is idle to deny or to leave out of consideration facts which are notorious to all the world. Archbishop CULLEN probably supposes himself to believe in his own allegations—unless, indeed, his early education has taught him that conventions and fictions are a sufficient basis for conclusions which really rest on some external authority. The architect who knows that the arch is, in fact, supported by a hidden wall, naturally becomes careless as to the ostensible strength of his decorative columns. The Irish priesthood would have been satisfied without any reasons that the POPE's claims are sacred and indefeasible; and it is only surprising that their leader should think it necessary to furnish his opponents with unnecessary opportunities for contradicting his statements and confuting his arguments.

It is intelligible enough that an Ultramontane prelate, bitterly hostile to constitutional liberty, should denounce Sardinia as "the only plague spot in Catholic Europe;" but when Dr. CULLEN goes on to lament that that unhappy country is groaning under a military despotism at the hands of excommunicated rulers, he utters, probably with a satisfied conscience and in strict conformity with ecclesiastical precedent, what, if the words proceeded from a layman, might be called two or three deliberate and libellous falsehoods rolled into one. As the ARCHBISHOP perfectly well knows, the King of SARDINIA, much as he is hated by the POPE and the hierarchy, is no more excommunicated than the potentate who is held up to admiration as the "noble and generous Emperor of AUSTRIA." It is because there is a Parliament and a free press in Sardinia that the offensive term of "military despotism" is applied to the Government. Even if the phrase corresponded to the facts, no charge could be more utterly irrelevant when brought forward in support of the despotism of the POPE by the eulogist of the military despots who reign in Austria and in France. Romish dignitaries, in this as in many other instances, fall into the error of adhering to traditions which have long become inapplicable. When Cardinal WISEMAN fulminated from the Flaminian Gate, he quoted credentials which gave him authority over "the most flourishing kingdom of England." Such was the style used by the TUDORS when Rome last held intercourse with England; and it had never been officially known at the Vatican that the title had disappeared with the annexation of the thriving kingdom of Scotland and the moderately flourishing kingdom of Ireland. This adaptation of ecclesiastical language to present circumstances might have been emulated by RIP VAN WINKLE, if, instead of awaking, he had walked abroad to talk in his sleep. Some centuries ago the agents of the Holy See falsified, for definite purposes, facts which, in the difficulty of communication and the absence of publicity, admitted of effective misrepresentation. Their successors copy the precedent when every reader of a newspaper in Europe is prepared with a contradiction to their assertions. Archbishop CULLEN probably may not mean, as a layman must have meant, to tell a falsehood when he asserts "that every honest man in Romagna is now 'at the mercy of the assassin's dagger; and that many distinguished persons have been murdered or insulted'—"

murdered or insulted!"—"merely because they were attached 'to the POPE.'" He knows, indeed, that the statement is utterly untrue, and that not a single political assassination has taken place in the province; but it has never occurred to him that there was any breach of moral duty in saying, for the good of the Church, "the thing that was not." The climax of persecution rises from murder, through insult, to an outrage which, on any authority less sacred, would perhaps not be credible. Shocking to relate, "the learned and 'venerable Cardinal Archbishop of BOLOGNA has been prohibited from presiding at the distribution of prizes in the 'schools of that excellent body of men, the Christian 'Brothers.'" This frightful act of persecution, if it ever took place, might possibly admit of some palliation if it appeared that the learned and venerable CARDINAL refused to acknowledge the authority of the Government which may have declined to furnish him with an opportunity for denouncing it as rebellious and profane. At present, those who reason from the known to the unknown may infer, with some probability, that the entire transaction originated in Dr. CULLEN's pious imagination.

The Bible Societies and their agents may perhaps be gratified with the indignation which their efforts have succeeded in exciting in priestly minds. Impartial critics must admit that a robust faith in the all-sufficiency of paper and print is not unfrequently associated with ignorance, vulgarity, one-sidedness, and all other sectarian weaknesses. Yet, when Bible Societies are accused of fostering Italian disaffection, it may be urged on their behalf that, having but one idea, they confine themselves exclusively to the cheap or gratuitous circulation of Bibles. Not a single shilling of the thousands a-year subscribed for the circulation of the Scriptures is diverted to the illegitimate purposes of political intrigue. Protestants are, unfortunately, too often very stupid; but, even when associated in Bible Societies, they tell the truth and take care that their accounts are audited. If the treasurer were foolish enough to buy an old musket for GARIBALDI, he would have to pay the five shillings out of his own pocket. As Dr. CULLEN seldom means what he says on occasions like the present, he may perhaps only intend to imply that vernacular Bibles necessarily generate an antipathy to the dominion of the POPE; yet, as a scholar and theologian, he must be well aware that there is no more Scriptural warrant for the independence of Romagna than for the possession of the Vatican by the alleged successor of St. PETER. Italians who buy Bibles from English agents are already disaffected; but the universal antipathy to priestly administration is wholly independent of any doctrinal heterodoxy.

The archiepiscopal version of civil and ecclesiastical history is not less instructive than the corresponding commentary on passing events. It seems that "Rome always languished 'during the absence of the Popes at Avignon or other 'places, and the city appeared doomed to undergo the fate 'of Carthage or Nineveh.'" If the statement had been true, it would have needed no supernatural interpretation. Edinburgh languished when it was deprived of its Court, and Dublin after the loss of its Parliament. It happens, however, that Lord BROUGHAM has, without any controversial purpose, recently shown that the secession of the Popes was accompanied by a marked increase in the material prosperity of the city. A divine deeply read in the chronicles of the Papacy is probably familiar with the fact, although his profession requires that, for the edification of the faithful, he should assert exactly the contrary.

The Emperor of the FRENCH is courteously reminded that the founder of his dynasty lost his great army in Russia after occupying the territories of the POPE. *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc.* The tyrant of the Continent, the insatiable propagator of universal war, the destroyer of two millions of men in his campaigns, was uniformly blessed by Heaven until he violated the sanctity of Pius VII. From that day, although he afterwards enjoyed some years of triumphant prosperity, the sacrilegious conqueror was doomed. Moscow avenged not outraged Europe, but desecrated Rome, and the moral of the great historical tragedy of this century is the inviolability of the possessions of the Church. Ultramontane interpreters of the ways of Providence always fail to explain the great and long-continued prosperity of the "flourishing kingdom of England." For three centuries the thunderbolt of vengeance has been tempted by inveterate schism; and yet, notwithstanding the earnest desire of the Church, it has not yet fallen on the guilty.

The crimes which at present excite the horror of the

priesthood in all parts of Europe have not been perpetrated by Englishmen or by Protestants. The Catholic inhabitants of the Romagna wish for a Government which will not hand them over to the mercies of foreign soldiers, and Englishmen are only guilty of believing that this demand is just and reasonable. The POPE has for ten years practically abdicated the duties of Government, and according to secular theories of national law, his rights, in the absence of a power to assert them, have become inoperative. The tyranny and unbelief on one side, the indignant discontent on the other, are not of English production; but the nation is determined that the Government shall not become, by its vote in a Congress, responsible for a foreign interference to reclaim the provinces which have established their independence. The merits of the question would not be affected by the personal virtues of the POPE if he heard twenty masses a day instead of two. His former subjects reject him, not because he is negligent in his prayers, but because the system with which he is bound up is incompatible with rational government. If they are mistaken in their opinion, England, fully admitting the POPE's right to reconquer their allegiance by his own efforts, resolutely denies the justice of a French or Austrian intervention to replace them in a condition which all Italian Catholics hold to be the most degrading which is imposed on any civilized community.

INCOME-TAX AGITATION IN INDIA.

POLITICAL discussion under a despotic Government must either be a symptom of rebellion or a harmless and rather ludicrous amusement. Where a sternly repressive system, like French Imperialism, is employed to keep down a nation which pines for the luxury of freedom, the faintest whisper of agitation is an ominous sound. But, in a country governed as India is, the significance of the most noisy movement is very much less. The natives may be adepts in conspiracy, and are probably at all times ready enough to rise against aliens in blood and religion. But what passes for political agitation in Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras does not affect them in the least. It is nothing more than the grumbling of a dominant race, who are as much bound to loyalty by the necessity of self-preservation as the most favoured officials against whom they inveigh. The license of the Indian press, and the extreme magniloquence of the denunciations in which speakers at public meetings indulge, are so little formidable that a Government which could impose silence with a word does not care to interfere with ebullitions of feeling which are regarded, if not with absolute indifference, at any rate without a particle of fear. The malcontents themselves feel their weakness acutely enough, and the absurd cry for representative absolutism which the few English colonists of India have persisted in for years, is only the expression of their disgust at finding no effective scope for agitation. The consequence of their feeble and rather undignified position is, that they exalt their language in proportion to the insignificance of their influence, and speeches which in this country might usher in an irresistible popular movement are powerless in the stagnant political atmosphere of India. Income-tax agitations are regularly recurring phenomena in England; and however hard the Government may be pressed for funds, Chancellors of the Exchequer, whether Whig or Tory, almost invariably yield before popular orators have learned to use half the vehemence which has characterized the movement against the Indian Income-tax. Not only the Press and the little clique which calls itself the public, but the chosen Councillors of Government seem to have railed at the new tax with as much bitterness as Mr. BRIGHT himself could have displayed. But there seems very little probability that the GOVERNOR-GENERAL will abandon his project in deference to their remonstrances.

As very often happens, the arguments against the scheme have, with one exception, rather strengthened than shaken the position of the Government. The more detailed accounts which have at length arrived of the stormy meetings of Council and the inflated eloquence of the non-official English, in public meeting assembled, remove most of the objections to which the new tax seemed to be open. One blunder there was in the original Bill—the exemption of official salaries; but that was cured at once on the suggestion of the Council, and almost all the other statements about the character of the measure prove now to be gross exaggerations. The representation that the Bill had been entirely changed in the

interval between its introduction and its second reading was not calculated to inspire much confidence in the wisdom of its framers, and it is pleasant to find that the assertion was almost entirely due to the imagination of the *Times* Correspondent. The theory of the measure was, all along, to get a rough approximation to a three-per-cent. tax. The first draft divided the community into ten classes, liable to rates of taxation varying from two rupees to two thousand. Further inquiry showed that there was a small number of very wealthy traders on whom this assessment would be inadequate; and consequently three new classes were added at the top of the list, to be subjected to the burdens of 2000, 3000, and 5000 rupees respectively. This left the principle of the Bill untouched, and it was only by the judicious extension of the tax to the official classes that any material alteration was introduced.

It is amusing to observe how the obvious platitudes of an Income-tax discussion are modified in India by the peculiar institutions of the country. The stock complaints against a partial and inquisitorial tax are urged, of course, by Indian speakers with as much pertinacity as the Liverpool Financial Reformers themselves could exhibit. But, just as Mr. BRIGHT uses his financial grievances as mere stepping-stones to electoral reform, so the different classes of Indian society work the agitation against the License tax mainly for the sake of exhibiting their especial hobbies. All the petitions which have been got up suggest representative councils as the only remedy for such arbitrary measures, while the members of the Legislative Council are equally vehement in their opposition for the sake of extorting from the Executive a more detailed Budget, and winning for themselves something more nearly approaching the status of an English Parliament. Apart from the ultimate designs which have coloured the opposition, there is very little beyond the inevitable commonplaces of the subject to be found in the fervid declamation of Sir CHARLES JACKSON and the other opponents of the scheme. On the two main issues, the Government unquestionably has the best of the argument.

One charge against the Bill was that, by dividing the people into a limited number of classes equally taxed throughout, it abandoned even the pretence of an exact apportionment of the burden. But this really seems to be one of the most judicious peculiarities of the Bill. Even in England, self-assessment is not a very perfect, while it is certainly a very unpopular, method of determining the amount which each man ought to pay. If Hindoo consciences are as elastic as they are commonly supposed to be, machinery like that of the English Income-tax would not only be a ludicrous absurdity, but a source of constant annoyance and dispute, and possibly of something worse. Equal taxation is certainly desirable; but Englishmen, at any rate, practically admit that a little inequality is by no means the most objectionable feature of a tax. At the best, taxation must be assessed somewhat roughly, and if a number of men are grouped together whose means may be considerably different, this is by no means so serious an evil as the employment of needlessly irritating and inquisitorial machinery. The weakest part of the arrangement is the provision which throws upon overworked collectors the duty of assigning each man to his appropriate class. It is quite impossible that so difficult a task can be performed, with even an approach to fairness, without an amount of investigation for which a busy officer, who is both judge and tax-gatherer over a million of subjects, can find no time. The result will probably be, that a large proportion of the people will be rated far below their proper class in one district, while in another the tax may be levied with even greater stringency than its authors contemplated. It may be impracticable to work the scheme by any other agency, but it is remarkable that what seems to be the real blot has scarcely been hit by any of the assailants who have risen up to do battle against the tax.

The chief outcry, however, is against the limitation of the impost to the trading and professional classes. There are no bounds to the fervour of indignation-meetings when they get upon this topic. If the speakers are to be trusted, patriotism quite gluts the Indian market. All concur in saying that they would almost delight to pay any other tax than this. Soldiers who are unfortunate enough to be sentenced to a flogging almost always entreat that the lash may be applied a little lower or a little higher—anywhere, in short, but on the spot where it happens to fall. Possibly, an analogous feeling may have suggested to Indian imaginations the superiority of any tax over that which is actually threatened. If the special objections urged against it have

some plausibility, they admit of a very effectual answer. Several of the orators found it easy to prove that a License-tax which did not reach Zemindars or fund-holders was not a strictly equal tax. But, even apart from the claim of these classes to exemption on the ground of actual compact, the political dangers of an apparent disturbance of the land-settlement, or a seeming reduction of interest on the public stocks, were, perhaps not unreasonably, considered too formidable to be encountered for the sake of extending the area of a tax which, if not absolutely fair in itself, falls mainly upon a class which has hitherto enjoyed an exceptional immunity. If a counterpoise should still be wanting, it may be supplied by a Succession-tax, with less offence to the prevailing notions that the Government has no right covertly to increase its rent or reduce the interest which it has undertaken to pay. The success or failure of the scheme will chiefly depend on the spirit and the care with which it may be carried into execution; but the little tempest which has been excited about it has done at least this service—that it has brought out both the weakness of the objections to the tax, and the falsehood of the alarming news that the Government could not keep steady to its own policy for two days together.

POLITICAL MEDIOCRITY.

OPINIONS never vary more widely than when Englishmen set themselves to ask what is the greatest immediate danger which England has to face. Some people would say that the greatest danger is that of a French invasion. Others fear that we shall get to copy America in our institutions. Some, again, think that the burdens of English and Indian taxation will weigh us down. Perhaps, however, there is a still greater danger which threatens us, and which is formidable precisely because its character is in the highest degree subtle and evasive, and because it does not admit of any definite precaution being taken to avert it. This is the danger of mediocrity of thought reigning supreme in the administration of public affairs. We have not now to struggle with disaffection, or ill intentions, or the jealousies of ranks or classes, so much as with the sovereignty of duncedom and the triumph of an honest, feeble narrow-mindedness in government. We are obliged to throw political power more and more completely into the hands of those whom we call educated, and, as a matter of fact, we find that popular education exactly fits its recipients to cling to everything that is superficial and mediocre. A considerable portion of the inferior possessors of political power are excellent people, and have been influenced by the advance of social morality and the revival of religion that have marked the last quarter of a century. But, however beneficial this may be to them as individuals, it rather obscures and diminishes than aids their capacity to take part in the government of the country. Perhaps there are no more favourable specimens of the lower portion of the existing governing classes than the persons who, in consequence of their assembling at stated periods to sit under favourite lecturers, call themselves Young Christians; and yet there are no Englishmen who would be less likely to form a rational opinion on the relations that ought to subsist between this country and the great Catholic Powers, or between this country and her heathen subjects in the East. And not only do the inevitable changes which time brings about tend to make mediocrity more prominent, but they tend to make it more contentedly and permanently mediocre. The growth of the Penny Press affords a remarkable example. It was called into existence because persons who have been taught to read feel a very natural and legitimate desire to use their acquirement in gaining a knowledge of what is passing in their own country and age. But the consequence has been that the reading of the penny papers has, to a very large extent, superseded the reading of journals of a higher class. Where formerly four or five people clubbed together to read the *Times*, they now each buy the penny paper that is most congenial to their fancies and prejudices. There can be no doubt that this is in many ways a great misfortune. The people are now no longer forced to come in daily contact with modes of thinking and writing greatly superior to their own. They are perpetually kept at their own level. The characteristic of the penny papers is, not that they are revolutionary or blackguardly, but that they are so evidently the work of ordinary minds. With the exception of the *Star*, which we must acknowledge not unfrequently displays whatever originality is involved in the advocacy of independent crotchets

the penny papers simply set before Conservative and Liberal readers the respective opinions that are conventionally held to be Conservative and Liberal. The *Times* still maintains with the higher portion of the governing classes the position it formerly held, but one great link that connected the extremes of the political series is now lost. When a man capable of governing, or of understanding the principles of government, had to address his inferiors before the Penny Press came into existence, he could calculate on his hearers having, through the perusal of the leading journals, an acquaintance with the views he advocated or attacked. Now this common ground is becoming daily smaller, and the separation between the higher and the lower orders of politicians is becoming daily more decided.

It happens, whether accidentally or not, that this increase of political mediocrity synchronizes with a singular sterility of marked genius and ability both in public men and in literature. It is more than a century since there was anything like the dearth of young statesmen which there is now. We do not know that there is any specific cause that can be assigned for this; but it is certain that there are very few men belonging to the great English families who rise conspicuously above mediocrity. There are many members of both Houses who promise to be excellent hard-working subordinates; but it would be difficult to name more than two or three men under forty in either House who are marked out by nature to be leaders of their fellows. In the professions the same want is manifest, and in the most public of the profession—that of the Bar—it is conspicuously so. The steady action of attorney relationship pushes an increasing and unintermitting flood of plodding mediocrity up to the level of a dull and decorous success. In literature there is at least a pause. Dr. NEWMAN goes so far as to express a confident opinion that English literature is at an end, and that the roll of classical authors is made up. Without quite assenting to this, we cannot avoid remarking that, especially in the more popular branches of literature, there is an evident suspension of high activity. Our veteran novelists are fairly exhausted, and although we have one poet whose greatness is unquestionable and whose powers are in their full maturity, yet he stands absolutely alone, and he published his first volumes nearly thirty years ago. Experience teaches us not to despair, and reminds us that literature has fits of periodical blossoming and decay. Ten years before this century opened, English literature seemed almost extinct; ten years after the century had begun, there had appeared an almost unparalleled number of authors destined to win a great and lasting reputation. Nor can there be any reason why the flow of genius in the service of the State, or in professions, should permanently fail. In spite of all the limits on enterprise and originality which modern changes may have introduced, there is still an abundant opening for the classes who possess wealth and leisure to do the amplest justice to themselves. We do not seriously fear that in any of the departments of thought the vitality of the English mind is at an end. That there will be again great orators and statesmen, and novelists and poets, in England, is as probable as anything can be; but it is a striking and an alarming fact that this mediocrity in public men and in literature, however temporary, exactly falls in with the period when the penny press is everywhere fostering the opinions and strengthening the triumph of all that is mediocre in the political thought of the half-educated rulers of the country.

There could not be a danger more difficult to meet. Whether it is a good thing or a bad thing—whether we like it or not—the Penny Press will continue and will spread. Nothing except the continuance of the paper duty prevents its spreading much more than it does. Perhaps the best thing that could be done would be to remove the paper duty, because, as the commercial prospects of a penny paper would be thus greatly improved, it is not impossible that a high-class journal might then flourish, although offered at so small a price. But the evils of mediocrity in political thought are not to be got rid of by any Act of Parliament or any particular remedy. The area of education must advance; as it advances, an increasing share of political power must be given to the partially educated; and the half-educated are sure to seize on forms of religious and political belief most suited to their capacity. Young Christian electors, voting for a Protestant demonstration against the POPE and a Christian raid against the Hindoos, are an inevitable phase of the political progress of England. We cannot escape their influence on Government by

regretting it. But although we may see a danger and not be able to combat it directly, it by no means follows that it is of no use to see it. If a large number of persons were convinced that the reign of political mediocrity is a danger to the country, there would be a counteracting force in the conviction which in some measure and manner would be sure to tell. Unless we resign ourselves to fatalism, we always gain strength by ascertaining exactly the circumstances in which we are placed; and sufficient means are still left by which the higher order of political thought may make itself generally felt, to ensure that a strong and continued protest against the supremacy of well-meaning ignorance would not be wholly ineffectual.

DEAD WUT.

THE Scotch are a rich and powerful people; and it is no wonder that those who live by furnishing wares for the market should try hard to propitiate them. It is also well known that the Scotch are always ready to "caw" each other, as they term it, and to speak with determined praise of everything and everybody connected with Scotland. It has, therefore, not unnaturally struck the editor or publisher of a new miscellany, called *Macmillan's Magazine*, that it would be very advisable to insert something in the first number that might attract and please the Scotch. Just as an old shoe is thrown after a wedding pair, in order to avert all bad omens and conciliate any heavenly influences that may be adverse, so it was thought proper to throw a Scotch article after the first number of the Magazine, in order to secure the patriotic eulogies of the North Britons. Very likely this was good policy. It is not a very easy thing to add a successful novelty to the host of magazines that already exist, and it was worth taking a little trouble to get the Scotch on the side of the new publication. We may also suppose that those whose business it was to ascertain what the Scotch like have ascertained it; and this concluding article, which is called "A Colloquy of the Round Table," may be taken as the sort of thing calculated to please on the north of the Tweed. We could scarcely have had a more curious revelation of Scotch tastes. It seems that if the Scotch have once laughed at a Scotch joke, they are ready to have any number of imitative or counterfeit jokes, and laugh heartily at them. By a purely conventional understanding it is settled that certain things are at once Scotch and funny, and then the whole business of amusement is concluded. Thirty years ago Professor Wilson wrote his *Noctes* with great local, and some general, success. It appears that to tickle and attract the Scotch, even at this distance of time, nothing more is necessary than to imitate the *Noctes*. To an English reader the effect is almost ghastly. Page after page of the Colloquy is full, not only of the poorest "wut," but of absolutely dead wut. Long ago the corpse of the poor old *Noctes* has been buried for all Southern; here we see it exhumed and galvanized into a stiff life in order that it may be laughed over for the honour of provincialism. We never knew anything so demonstrative of the great difference of taste that still separates the dwellers on the two sides of the Tweed, as the fact that this servile and feeble imitation of an old piece of Scotch fun should be confidently relied on by an enterprising English publisher as likely to carry down his new magazine in Scotland.

It is not very easy to give a notion of this Colloquy to those who have not seen the Magazine. But, speaking generally, we may say that the dead "wut" is laid out so as to look as much like the live "wut" as possible. The basis of the contrivance is to have first an interlocutor in the imaginary dialogue who is known to be the funny man of the piece because he talks broad Scotch and wants to drink more than is good for him; secondly, to intersperse long, jocosse stage directions in italics; and thirdly, to vent smatterings of unconnected twaddle on the leading questions of the day. The person who, in the Colloquy, occupies the place of the Ettrick Shepherd of the *Noctes*, is a certain MacTaggart. More than two pages are consumed in recording an appeal made by MacTaggart for whisky. The humour consists in his spelling tobacco with an "a" at the end, in his substituting "whusky" for whisky, and in his praising Aberdeen. Like his prototype in the *Noctes*, he receives constant responses of admiration from his auditors, and indulges in a jocosse contempt for his own remarks. The translation of ordinary English sentences into the recognised vocabulary of "wut" is zealously maintained. For example, that there is necessarily some more intimate connexion than that of unity of time between things happening at the same moment, is an observation equally intelligible and untrue. But it is supposed to be clothed with a mysterious value when it is shrouded under the veil of one or two Scotch inflections. "When nature pops up twa things at ance to the surface, or the mind of man casts up twa inventions on the same wave, depend upon it there is a relation between them. Things contemporaneous are things consentaneous." We accept as a matter of fact, that in consideration of the misspelling of the Scotticised words in this passage, Scotchmen will overlook its palpable absurdity. On the authority of *Macmillan's Magazine*, we will suppose that sentences like those we have quoted are held north of the Tweed to be necessarily and

inevitably funny. But we wonder that this should be the case. If it is the custom of the country to insert a "w" in contemporaneous and in consentaneous, where can be the humour in adopting a common custom? It is extraordinary that any people should be everlastingly tickled with the joke of its speaking its own language. No Englishman would see anything more than a senseless jingle of words in the dictum that things contemporaneous are consentaneous; and if a Lowlander would naturally and as a matter of mere habit, add a "w" to each of these adjectives, why should he regard it as the height of humour to see his pronunciation imitated in print? No wut can seem deader than the interpolation of these extra w's; but Scotch readers seize on it as a signal that the national fun has begun, and are delighted, just as an admiring audience would burst into a roar when Theodore Hook simply asked for mustard at dinner.

Much of the liveliness of the *Noctes* is supposed to be in the stage-directions they contain. The dialogue is continually interrupted to explain that some one or more of the interlocutors is more or less drunk, or that Christopher North is singularly handsome, or that a glut of coarse food is about to commence. The new imitator of Wilson sticks closely to his precedent. He enlivens his graver reflections with such intimations as the following, which relates to a cheer stated to have been given for the Queen by MacTaggart and a certain Sir John, who does the bluff, common-sense business of the piece. "The three cheers are given by all in grand style, but MacTaggart, not satisfied, calls for another, to be given by Sir John and himself, and challenges the baronet to the trial which shall give it loudest. The baronet executes a true English cheer, which would have made French or Russians quake; and MacTaggart, somewhat unfairly, defeats him by accompanying his cheer with the wildest fantasies of gesticulation, and prolonging the latter part of it into a most unearthly yell." But the effect of these stage-directions cannot be estimated rightly unless they are taken in connexion with the slices of serious twaddle they are intended to enliven. The substantial notion of the Colloquy is to string together a group of crude opinions or first thoughts on all sorts of subjects, and get them considered wise by appending to them comic stage directions and introducing a large allowance of Scotch spelling. It is not thought necessary that any of these opinions should ever come to any conclusion. They may be desultory and purposeless if they are but covered by proper grandiloquence. We are successively informed that it is much to be regretted that "Big Ben" no longer "throws nocturnally over fields and highways his dome of sound," that a "Maine Liquor Law might do good and might do harm," that the "Italian question will yet be an European one," that the question of Strikes is "just like a great strong beast rushing on," and that possibly "we ought to desire the purification, and not the destruction of Trades Unions." On no one of these subjects does the author take the trouble to think, or to arrive at a conclusion having even a plausible value. He merely intimates that they are subjects on which anybody may think who pleases; and that, for all he knows, some propositions about them which occur to him at once may be true. The English part of *Macmillan's Magazine* is full of sustained and serious thought. But it appears that in the Scotch jocosse part a much humbler level is necessarily aimed at, and the meekest platitudes or the vaguest surmises are held to be quite good enough as the staple of the article, provided that there are stage directions about fantastic gesticulations and a few pages of rambling Scotch about "tobacca" and "whusky-toddy."

It may be urged that there is no reason to suppose that the Scotch do really like this "dead wut." Certainly the Scotch with whom Englishmen are most familiar do not seem the sort of persons to relish very keenly this watery repetition of the *Noctes*. Scotchmen in and near London, for example, or at the English Universities, are often singular, not only for their largeness and liberality of character, but for their keen appreciation of all first-rate excellence and their unfeigned abhorrence of twaddle and cant. But there is good reason to suppose that the home-staying Scotch are of a different humour. At any rate, until we ascertain positively that "dead wut" is not thought very precious in Scotland, we must suppose it is, on the authority of those whose business and interest it is to establish the fact. Evidently, so far as England goes, it is a serious venture for a new periodical to abandon a considerable portion of its space to a dead wut effusion, in order that what must appear ridiculous to Southern readers may possibly be hailed as within the traditional limits of Northern jocosity. Nothing would be more likely to deter competent English writers from associating themselves with the Magazine than to find that their productions have to sail in the same boat with goods accommodated with a contemptuous and cynical readiness to the tastes of a provincial market. We must presume, therefore, that the cost has been counted, and that the "dead wut" has only been inserted because an accurate survey of Scotland has established that this sort of thing is sure to strike home to Scotch hearts and to open Scotch purses. It is the first business of a commercial speculation to succeed, and we do not feel inclined to quarrel too eagerly with the means by which a periodical that has a very uphill game to fight seeks to establish itself. But the greater the success that follows this deference to Scotch propensities, the greater will be our wonder that these propensities should exist in so powerful a degree.

IRISH ULTRAMONTANISM.

THE address of Dr. Cullen to the assembly of Irish priests gives the reader alternately the impression of extreme silliness and of excessive audacity. At one point we have a specimen of the Prelate who, alone among educated men, ventured to deny publicly that the planets move round the sun; at another we have a sample of the modern venom which trickles over the columns of the *Univers*. When the Archbishop is in the vein of contemporary calumny, he treats his audience to about as mendacious a description of the state of society in the Legations as we remember to have read even in M. Veuillot's journal. Assassinations are declared to be constant, though we believe that, positively, not one has taken place; and horses are absurdly stated to be stabled in the churches, which, as it happens, have, in anticipation of such slanders, been scrupulously preserved from the shadow of desecration. These reckless misstatements are relieved, however, by occasional bursts of imbecility. The Pope is complimented, like a Belgavrian young lady, "on devoting nearly two hours a day to prayer and to communing with his Creator before commencing the usual routine of business;" while at the same time, "under his patronage, the learned Father Theiner has commenced the continuation of the *Annals of Baronius* and the publication of the *Acts of the Council of Trent*, as well as the correspondence between the Emperors of Russia and the Popes, and an account of the assistance granted by Pius VI. to 24,000 exiles, French bishops, noblemen, and others, whom he supported for several years." The man who can interpolate this sort of eulogy in a malicious attack on a noble people would be a monstrosity in human nature but for the peculiar modern discipline of the Roman Catholic Church. It occasionally produces moral marvels not unlike the feats of that English mediævalism which turns out an ultra-Gothic baronial hall with a front of modern stucco on a surface of yellow brick. Among the Roman Catholic notabilities of the day, it is not uncommon to find the taste and intelligence of a Doctor of the Sorbonne united with the fairness and candour of a contributor to a penny newspaper.

It is unnecessary to say that Dr. Cullen's defence of the secular authority of the Pope rests on very different grounds from M. de Montalembert's. The eloquent layman has adopted a theory which is the counterpart of that which seems to have been preached by the theological hero of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's new novel. The Dr. Hopkins of the *Minister's Wooing* insisted that the perdition of the greater part of the human race was essential to the perfection of the Divine scheme, and that the rejected ought to submit to their fate out of kindly regard to the blessedness of the elect. M. de Montalembert exhorts the population of the Romagna to submission precisely on this ground of "disinterested benevolence." "Be content," says he, "to wear the livery of servitude, bigotry, and ignorance, because the rest of the Catholic world is so happy through your degradation." But the Prelate will have nothing to do with so fine-spun a doctrine. The Legations, argues Dr. Cullen, must belong to the Pope because, "before the end of the eighth century, the whole of the *Papal States* were recognised by all Europe as the patrimony of St. Peter; and from that time to the present, with trifling interruptions, the Popes have continued to enjoy its dominion." Here we have the difference brought out between neo-Catholicism and palæo-Catholicism. Arguing for an untenable position, the lay apologist offers a sophism—the clerical advocate prefers a lie. M. de Montalembert forgets the rights of the smallest fraction of humanity. Dr. Cullen ignores the rights of the most unobtrusive date in chronology. The Count attributes to the Catholic world a claim which it would scorn to put forward. The Archbishop fastens on "all Europe" the responsibility of territorial acquisitions which are due to the rapacity of Pope Julius and to the crimes and perfidies of the Borgias. The same distinction appears in the mode of dealing with the pretensions of Sardinia. M. de Montalembert rationally, but groundlessly, inveighs against the violence, ambition, and bad faith of Piedmont. Dr. Cullen boldly asserts that Piedmont has no share in the iniquity whatever, because "that unhappy country is groaning under a military despotism." This last touch would be incomplete if we had not in another part of Dr. Cullen's speech an enthusiastic encomium on Napoleon III. for sending "his victorious legions to drive sedition and anarchy from the walls of Rome." We understand, therefore, that the Legations, instead of being allowed to commit the folly of uniting themselves to a military despotism, are to be endowed by the Holy Father, in his infinite graciousness, with a government of "victorious legions."

There is one point connected with the Dublin meeting too remarkable to be passed over. Few events have recently occurred which betray so plainly the false position of the Roman Catholic Church, and the fatality which drives it to compromises with the influences it hates worst. It was exactly to put a stop to meetings like these that Archbishop Cullen came originally to Ireland. The Holy See had become exceedingly uneasy at the vehement political activity of the Irish priesthood. It had tolerated, and even applauded, O'Connell as the champion of oppressed Roman Catholics, but towards the end of his career it decidedly grudged him his power over the clergy. The priests had, in fact, ceased to look to their prelates for direction, and were showing themselves ready to embark in any sort of agitation at the bidding of a demagogue. All this was wormwood at Rome, not simply through jealousy of divided power, but

through alarm at the Liberal, or rather Radical, watchwords which had become common in the mouths of men whose duty it was merely to echo the unctuous sentimentalities of orthodox Catholicism. The opportunity offered by a vacancy in the Irish Primacy was therefore eagerly seized. The candidates nominated by the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops were unceremoniously rejected, and Dr. Cullen was sent straight from the Propaganda to restore order to the Church. It would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the success of his efforts, since the Empire has benefited largely by them. Dr. Cullen has really, to a very great extent, de-politicalized the Irish priesthood. Though they are permitted to express their sympathy with the various undertakings of Irish politicians, and even with the agrarian agitations which are the most objectionable of them, they are no longer allowed to take a leading part in them, or to prefer them to their religious duties. Everybody who remembers the Irish politics of fourteen or fifteen years since will give the Apostolic Delegate proper credit for a considerable, and, on the whole, a very beneficial change. The system and manner of Dr. Cullen has, to a great extent, substituted itself for the system and manner of Dr. M'Hale; and we have no longer the disreputable spectacle of Roman Catholic clergymen spouting ultra-Radicalism in Ireland, while ultra-Conservatism is preached by their brethren in every other corner of Europe. But the present crisis has startlingly, and even ridiculously, brought out the inability of the Papacy to carry out, with a decent show of consistency and continuity, the objects which are dearest to it. The instant the Pope gets into a political scrape, Dr. Cullen has to make a public distribution of the very edge-tools which he has been for years forbidding all good children to play with. The Assembly at Dublin was a political gathering of the worst kind. It was an "indignation" meeting, visibly held with the view of exercising pressure on Lord John Russell and guiding his action in the approaching Congress. It was composed of priests, it is true, but its resolutions appeal to the constituencies, to the Irish members, and the press. This is nothing else than a sort of corporate O'Connellism; and Dr. Cullen is driven by the desperate circumstances of the Holy See to evoke the very spirit which he was sent to quiet by ecclesiastical exorcisms.

SKILLED WITNESSES IN CRIMINAL CASES.

A DISCUSSION took place last Monday at the Juridical Society which deserves attention, as the subject to which it referred, though a legal one, is of very great general interest. Some dissatisfaction has been felt and expressed of late at the whole system of trial by jury; and Dr. Smethurst's case, together with others of the same kind which have recently occurred, has thrown great light on what is looked upon as one of the weakest parts of the system—the incapacity, namely, of juries composed of ordinary men to weigh scientific evidence. In order to remedy this, alterations have been suggested which would tend to embody in our own system the practice which prevails in France and Germany, of relieving the jury from the consideration of such evidence by clothing the decisions of scientific men, officially selected for that purpose, with an authority which should be practically binding on the jury. The question raised by this suggestion—tending, as it does, to modify largely and deeply our most characteristic and most popular institution—is an extremely important one. That juries should decide where doctors disagree seems at first sight paradoxical; and the proposal holds out a prospect, not merely of scientific decisions, but of a diminution of the responsibility laid upon the jury at present, which is to many minds very attractive. We, however, fully agree with the opinion which the author of the paper read to the Juridical Society expressed, and in which the Society appeared to agree, that notwithstanding the imperfections of the existing system, it would be most unwise to introduce into it so important a modification.

The principle of trial by jury is, that no one shall be punished unless the proof of his guilt is such as to satisfy twelve representatives of the ordinary intelligence of the country. Familiar as this statement is, we doubt whether its bearings are as fully and as generally understood as they ought to be by those who undertake to criticise the application of the principle to particular classes of cases. It must be observed, in the first place, that the question is, not whether the prisoner is guilty, but whether the jury have any reasonable doubt that he is guilty. The application of this doctrine, which is favourable to the prisoner, is familiar. Every one knows the commonplaces about the one innocent and the ten guilty men, and the exhortations which are constantly addressed to the jury to judge by the evidence, and not to supply by conjecture any missing links in the chain. It is, however, not so generally observed—though the conclusion is quite as sound, and nearly as important, as the more familiar one—that the maxim is capable of an unfavourable as well as of a favourable application to the prisoner. It may be that there can be no reasonable doubt of the guilt of a perfectly innocent man; and, if so, he must take the consequence of his bad fortune. This appears at first sight not only a startling but a paradoxical conclusion, but upon examination it will be found to be perfectly sound. It depends upon the question as to what sort of doubts are reasonable; and it frequently happens that it is unreasonable to doubt the truth of what is, in fact, untrue. It is essential to a full comprehension of

the subject of trial by jury to draw a broad distinction between the functions of a juror and those of a scientific inquirer. A juror is a judge, bound by oath to say whether or not certain evidence satisfies his mind. A scientific inquirer is not bound to anything of the kind. He may pursue his subject as long as it suits his inclination, and may drop and resume it at pleasure, as the interests of truth may appear to him to require. In short, it is his object to arrive at truth simply. It is the object of the juror to arrive, not at the truth itself, but at a true verdict, which is a very different thing. Thus, when he says, "Not guilty," he frequently means, "I am in doubt;" and when he says, "Guilty," he only means, "I am quite sure." How, then, it may be asked, can an honest man be free from all reasonable doubt of the truth of a false proposition, which has been discussed before him with all the care which practised skill can supply? The answer is, because every man brings to the investigation of every possible question a vast number of data which rest on mere authority, and several of which are false, but which he accepts, and must of necessity accept, as conclusively true in the transaction of all the common affairs of life, however momentous may be the conclusions which rest upon them, and because the only alternative is to shrink from forming any important decisions at all.

To use a logical illustration—we always think, and for the purposes of action argue, not in syllogisms, but in enthymemes, and the major premisses of almost all the arguments which influence our conduct are not only unexpressed, but are for the most part held quite unconsciously. Thus in our own times it would probably be impossible, even if the law had not been altered, to obtain a conviction on a charge of witchcraft, because there is in almost every man's mind a tacit conviction—which he has derived, not from any train of argument, but merely from the influences to which he is subjected by the fact of living in the present day and in this country—that witchcraft does not exist, and no detailed evidence offered in support of any particular charge of the kind could convince him of the contrary. Two centuries ago, the unexpressed and perhaps unconscious belief of ordinary men lay in the other direction, and the consequence was that perfectly upright judges and perfectly honest jurors were frequently parties to convictions for a crime which we now look upon as altogether imaginary and impossible. It is, however, clear that they could not have acted otherwise than they did, and that it would have been a very unreasonable proceeding on their parts to enter upon what was then regarded as the merely fanciful speculation which denied that witchcraft ever took place.

In the same way, if, in the early part of the sixteenth century, it had been in some way material to the proof of the guilt of an accused person to show that the sun moved round the earth, the jury ought to have convicted the prisoner, inasmuch as the incipient rumours and unsystematic conjectures to the contrary which were then current were not of sufficient weight to raise a reasonable doubt in the minds of ordinary men. Such men would have said—and with great reason—the doctrine that the sun moves round the world is the recognised, established opinion of those who, by the common consent of their contemporaries, are entitled to credit on these matters. That being so, we must act upon that view. We would adopt it, if necessary, in weighty affairs of our own; and therefore, without pretending to enter deeply into the controversy on which it is founded, we must act upon it in this case, although there is some evidence the other way; and we are specially confirmed in this by the reflection that those who maintained the established view were able upon cross-examination to give ready and apparently consistent answers to the questions put to them upon the subject, whilst the witness by whom that view was contested was only in possession of disjointed and fragmentary conjectures.

It would be easy to accumulate illustrations upon this point; but those which have just been given appear to establish with sufficient plainness the conclusion, that the reasonable certainty at which a jury are bound to arrive on the guilt of an accused person differs essentially from the scientific certainty which is possessed by that small number of persons who may devote themselves exclusively to the study of scientific questions, with the object, not of arriving at a conclusion for a specific practical purpose, but with that of investigating the truth of the matter itself. The stock of knowledge existing in the world is increased by examining and questioning established opinions. The common business of life is transacted by applying them as they are to such circumstances as arise, and the province of juries is not speculative, but active. Applying this principle to the particular case of trials for murder like Palmer's or Dr. Smethurst's, it is connected by the following series of propositions with the conclusion that juries are the best judges of complicated questions of fact, even if those questions involve delicate scientific considerations—1. Confidence in the general trustworthiness of the results obtained by the application of established scientific processes, is one of the tacit convictions of society as it exists at present, and therefore conclusions warranted by the application of such processes are enough to remove all reasonable doubts from the minds of a jury. 2. Men of ordinary intelligence are able, with the assistance provided for jurors by our system of criminal procedure, to form an opinion upon the question whether a given result has been reached by the application of established scientific processes. 3. Such men are more likely to arrive at a true and unprejudiced conclusion upon that subject than a jury of experts.

The first proposition is one which it is hardly necessary either to amplify or to illustrate, and indeed it would be difficult to do so without running into commonplace compliments to a set of studies which it is the special temptation of the present day not only to appreciate, but almost to idolize. A few observations, however, may be risked upon the subject. Confidence in the power of predicting the results of particular combinations of circumstances by the use of certain formulas (usually called, by a most unfortunate metaphor, laws of nature), is perhaps the strongest conviction which education produces, and is received by those who have no education with a more implicit faith than almost any other doctrine, human or divine. Nor can it be denied that the truth of this opinion is confirmed by evidence so wide, so constant, and applicable to so vast a variety of subjects, that to doubt it would be to fly in the face of all experience. Science, indeed, is little more than the aggregate of a great number of rules for producing, or predicting, or classifying, results of various kinds. Of these rules some are thoroughly well ascertained, and are acted on constantly with unflinching confidence. Others are mere conjectures which may or may not be true, but which have not as yet taken the position of ascertained and recognised truth; whilst others are in a sort of intermediate state—hotly disputed by one party, and as hotly maintained by another. The formulas which enable people to predict the motion of heavy bodies belong to the first class. The speculations—still in their infancy—about tides and storms, furnish specimens of the second; whilst the rival theories as to the vibration or emission of light belong to the third, or intermediate class.

Now, if it were once proved to the satisfaction of an ordinary man that the truth of a particular proposition depended upon the truth of one of the recognised and authenticated scientific principles which belong to the first class of scientific rules, he ought to have no reasonable doubt about it. Thus, if he were satisfied that a likeness of any object placed in front of a camera containing a plate which has undergone certain processes will be impressed upon that plate, and if it were proved that this had taken place in regard to a certain plate produced before him, he would be as sure as the best chemist in the world that the figure impressed on the plate was a likeness of the object; and this conviction would be perfectly consistent with the most absolute ignorance of chemistry.

This introduces the second of the three propositions laid down above, which is, that men of ordinary intelligence are able, with the assistance provided by our system of criminal procedure, to form an opinion upon the question whether a given result has been obtained by recognised scientific processes, or whether the assertion of its validity depends upon propositions the accuracy of which forms matter of *bona fide* dispute amongst scientific men? We must remember that the evidence upon such points which is submitted to jurors is given on oath—that it is given subject to the rules of evidence—that it is also given subject to cross-examination—and that a judge whose life has been passed in acquiring and in exercising the faculties requisite for the discharge of that function, points out to the jury what is the relevant and essential part of the evidence, and what part merely tends to raise immaterial issues. It is clear that, with this assistance, the jury may be perfectly able to arrive at a conclusion free from all reasonable doubt upon the question submitted to them, and it must be observed that the words "may be able" are of the essence of the question. The object of trial by jury is to obtain the highest amount of certainty, and this certainty is required, not merely for the satisfaction of the minds of the jurymen, but for the satisfaction of the public at large. The object is that punishment should not be inflicted unless an amount of proof be given which satisfies twelve ordinary men, and is enough to satisfy all ordinary men, that the prisoner really is guilty. Now, that a jury may be satisfied in a great many cases which depend on scientific evidence, is true beyond all dispute whatever. No one ever thought of doubting that L'Angelier was poisoned by arsenic, whoever gave it him; yet that conclusion rests upon scientific grounds of the value of which not one person in ten thousand of those who hold it are able to judge. The only cases, therefore, in which there would be any occasion for a jury of experts to warrant a conviction—assuming for the moment that their opinion would be in itself more valuable than that of a jury of the ordinary constitution—would be those very exceptional cases in which the evidence is of so refined a nature as to leave a substantial doubt on the minds of men of ordinary intelligence. Whether convictions so obtained would or ought to give satisfaction to the public at large, is a very doubtful matter. It is hardly possible to imagine a case in which ordinary men would be perfectly sure whilst experts would remain in doubt.

These grounds would be enough to justify a conclusion in favour of the present system; but our view goes further than this. We maintain that, even in extreme instances, ordinary men have the materials for forming a perfectly trustworthy judgment on such questions as arose in the remarkable cases referred to. Very few trials have attracted so much attention as the trial of Palmer for the murder of Cook, and probably none ever occurred in which such a profusion of conflicting scientific evidence was offered to a jury. If, therefore, in such a case a jury was a competent judge, it would be competent in any case whatever. The only question in that instance which involved scientific considerations was this—Did Cook die of poisoning by strychnine?

The evidence to show that he did was as follows. The foundation of the whole was a confidence in the capacity of physicians to express an opinion as to the nature of certain symptoms, and to give an account of the character of known forms of disease. Next, it was proved, by the common consent of every one who was entitled to speak on the subject, that the man died of tetanus; and it also appeared that upon the most careful and elaborate inquiry, there were but three known forms of that disease—namely, tetanus caused by wounds, tetanus originating spontaneously, and tetanus caused by strychnine. That the disease in this case was not caused by wounds was plain, inasmuch as there were no wounds to cause it. That it was not idiopathic or spontaneous appeared indefinitely probable—first, because the disease itself was almost unknown in this country; next, because the course of the symptoms was in several respects different; and lastly, because there was no existing cause to account for its appearance. On the other hand, the symptoms were stated upon oath, by a number of physicians of the highest character and experience, to be precisely those which strychnine would produce. This, however, was not all; for thirteen scientific witnesses called for the defence, who assigned five or six different diseases as the cause of the death, all agreed that the symptoms of those diseases closely resembled those produced by strychnine—so much so that one of them made an examination of the body of a patient who had died of the disease to which he referred Cook's death, to see whether he had not been poisoned. Here, therefore, was the strongest possible proof that the man actually had died from the administration of strychnine; and this, when added to the evidence of motive, of the unexplained possession of strychnine by Palmer, and of his administration to Cook of all the food he received in his last illness, was evidence upon which any man would have acted in weighty affairs of his own; and greater evidence than that it would be absurd to require.

It is indeed a weighty and important reflection that men actually have at times to judge—and that in matters of life and death—upon scientific evidence, without sitting on juries. A man observes a small swelling on his thigh. He goes to a surgeon, who says, This is an aneurism, and if you do not allow me to cut down upon the artery, and tie it, you may fall down dead at any moment. He shows it to another, who says, It is no aneurism at all, but a mere tumour, on which I will operate; if I do not, you will be exposed to some dreadful consequence or other; but if I am wrong, and it is an aneurism, as soon as I make the first cut you are a dead man. Here a man is judge of life and death in his own case, nor can he escape the necessity of deciding. He would, if a man of sense, be probably able to come to a pretty clear conclusion as to whether he should trust the first surgeon or the second, although he might know very little of surgery.

We should, however, go farther than this, and maintain, not only that juries can decide these questions, but that they can decide them better than experts would, as their verdicts are free from conclusive objections to which the *dicta* of experts would be open. A jury composed entirely of experts is proposed by no one, for such a proposal would imply that several juries should sit on each case. The proposal therefore is, that part of the case should in some way or other be decided by scientific men, instead of being submitted, as it now is, to the decision of the jury. Now, the objections to the adoption of any such system as this are threefold, and each of the three objections is conclusive. In the first place, it would be found practically impossible to present the question to be left to the experts in such a manner that the answer would be of the slightest use. Thus, in Palmer's case, the really material question was this—Is Dr. Taylor so good a chemist that, if he performed a certain specified operation on a certain specified part of the body of John Parsons Cook, which part was taken from the body under such and such circumstances, the fact that he discovered no strychnine in that substance would be evidence that none was present there, and to what weight would that evidence be entitled? What expert could possibly answer such a question? Without great detail and specific reference to every circumstance of the case, the answer would be worthless. Great detail and specific reference to circumstances is exactly what we get already by cross-examination; so that the official *dicta* of experts would be worthless in the one case and superfluous in the other.

Secondly, every argument which is urged to show that there is a conflict in medical and scientific opinion, proves that the *dicta* of experts cannot be taken as conclusive. Let us suppose, for example, that in Palmer's case it had been referred to Sir Benjamin Brodie, Dr. Todd, Mr. Curling, and Mr. Solly to say what was the cause of Cook's death—and suppose they had found, in accordance with the evidence which they gave in the witness-box, that he died of strychnine, and that this finding had been taken as conclusive, to the exclusion of all other evidence—can any one say that the result would have commanded general approbation? It would have been universally objected to their finding, that other doctors would have found an entirely different verdict, and that there ought to be some one to decide between them. In other words, the common sentiment would have indicated that they ought to be witnesses and not judges.

Thirdly, a tribunal of experts would hardly ever decide on evidence, but almost always on their own private opinion of the subject-matter to which the evidence applies. The guarantee most rightly demanded by the public in the infliction of punishment, is that convictions should be grounded on the application of well-established and well-recognised principles,

and not on speculation. The question which juries decide is—Is this in accordance with the established opinion? The question which experts would try to decide would be—Is this true? and it is the former, and not the latter question to which an answer is desired. This may appear at first somewhat paradoxical, but on further examination it will be found substantially true. To illustrate the matter from other subjects—suppose that heresy were a crime. Who would ever think of empannelling a jury of clergymen to try an accused person? They would infallibly determine, not according to what was in fact the doctrine of the Church of England, but according to their own view of what was theologically true. Suppose that some point of law had excited warm and prolonged controversy, who would refer the question of its legality to a jury of lawyers? No men in the world knew more of the laws of England than Lord Mansfield and Mr. Fearn; yet there were no two men who were so little entitled to act as impartial judges on the question whether or not, by the law of England, the devise in the case of *Perrin v. Blake* gave the devise a fee simple or merely an estate for life.

In conclusion, we may allude to the extreme difficulty of settling how the experts (whatever might be their functions) should be named. If the court had to name them, the fundamental principle of English criminal justice—that the court is neutral, and that the Crown and the prisoner must each manage their own case—would be given up. If the parties named them they would never agree, and thus their *dicta* would become after all mere matter of evidence for the jury. For all these reasons we are strongly of opinion that the most ancient and most popular institution in this country should be let alone.

QUEEN BEES OR WORKING BEES?

MISS BESSIE PARKES, in a paper read before the Social Science Congress, and since published in the *English-woman's Journal*—and subsequently recommended by the same authority which has also adopted Dr. Cumming and the so-called School of the Prophets—has, either consciously or unconsciously, committed an ordinary argumentative fallacy. She has mixed up two or three subjects between which not the slightest connexion subsists; and she suggests that the arguments for the one position support the others, only because she chooses to place them together. The point which it has been the labour of her life to establish is that which she places first in her recent argument—viz., that it is the duty of middle-class parents to train their daughters to some useful art, however humble. She argues, secondly, that they ought not to consider tuition more genteel than any other honest calling; and, thirdly, that it is their duty to insure their lives for the benefit of their daughters. Now, we might urge, and not unreasonably, that this last duty makes the first superfluous. If all women in the reformed social state are to be self-supporting (which is Miss Parkes' first position), the motive and duty in parents to provide for them after death (which is her third) ceases. Given, all women trained to a useful art and capable of exercising it successfully, we cannot imagine any state of things which would more reasonably release parents from all solicitude as to their daughters. The very notion of life insurance implies making a provision for those who have no visible means or hopes of supporting themselves. The very notion of all women being trained to work implies that they have means, and hopes elevated to a certainty, of independence. And be it observed that Miss Parkes does not urge that these duties are alternative, but correlative. Make your daughters watchmakers and clerks, and leave them a provision out of your savings. She says that both duties are equally imperative and both equally neglected by parents.

We do not dispute the obligation of life insurance. We only say that this consideration has nothing to do with Miss Parkes' main subject; though, were it worth while, we should join issue here on the matter of fact. Had Miss Parkes merely urged that life insurance might with advantage be more generally used, we should not object to the propriety of such a hint. But we do say that, in point of fact, life insurance is largely adopted, and, in nine cases out of ten, in order to insure provision for those very parties whom Miss Parkes complains—or else why her homily?—that fathers systematically neglect. For one case in which a middle-class man effects a life insurance for his sons, there are ninety-and-nine in which he makes this provision solely and exclusively for those widows and female orphans whose hard estate Miss Parkes bewails.

Then as to her second point—that governesses are badly paid, and often get into difficulties—this is only an indirect mode of urging the proposition, which nobody disputes, that female education is very bad. Governesses get little, because the wares they sell are worthless. This is a mere matter of political economy, and it requires no social lecturers to urge the need of improving the education of girls. If governesses had a better education to impart, they would get a better price for it. Their pay is next to nothing, because their services are next to nothing. This journal has not been very backward in urging the deficiencies of female educators; though we certainly are not eager for extending the Oxford middle-class system of examinations so as to include lady candidates for the degree of certificated associate—a plan which Miss Parkes recommends as a remedy for an evil which we admit to the full. To have better governesses, however, they need not be fewer, which is Miss

Parkes' suggestion; but if all governesses were better, all would get better stipends, of which Miss Parkes does not seem to be aware. She seeks to raise the average standard of skill by limiting the number of workmen—an economical fallacy which she shares with the trades now on strike. For it comes to much the same thing whether, with the bricklayers, you say no man shall be skilful beyond a certain point, or whether, with Miss Parkes, you say you must only employ trained workwomen. In either case, the thing sought is to limit the amount of competing labour; and it would be a just application of Miss Parkes' argument to urge that there ought to be none but the best trained masons and engineers, and that the inferior hands should turn to agriculture and soldiering. Miss Parkes is perfectly right in saying that improved female education would be a great social gain; but, having stumbled on a truth, she misses its value. Its value would be to raise the governesses' wages—not, as she thinks, to diminish the numbers of governesses. Female education wants great and substantial improvements; but to admit this is no step whatever towards Miss Parkes' real conclusion, that every woman should be taught a trade.

She argues thus:—If every woman could marry, it might perhaps be best to leave the bread-winning department to the man, and to submit to the conclusion to which even Tennyson's Princess was driven, that woman's sphere is to be provided for, and not to provide. But, as things are, there are a vast number of women who never get husbands, or who lose them without jointures or life insurances; and what is to be done for them? Miss Parkes' answer is—Educate every woman on the assumption that she never will get a husband. Now, it would be quite enough to dispose of the whole question by reducing it to this very elementary conception. Our answer is summary, therefore—that, as the chances are very much in favour of every woman getting a husband, there is really no call upon us even to entertain the other hypothesis. But we say much more than this. We say that the greatest of social and political duties is to encourage marriage. The interest of a State is to get as many of its citizens married as possible. The equality of the sexes demonstrates this to be a law of nature. And we add that man, in European communities, has deliberately adopted the view that, as much as possible, women should be relieved from the necessity of self-support. The measure of civilization is the maximum at which this end is attained in any given community or nation. Women labourers are a proof of a barbarous and imperfect civilization. We should be retrograding in the art and science of civilization were more women encouraged to be self-supporters. And the reason of this is plain enough. Wherever women are self-supporters, marriage is, *ipso facto*, discouraged. The factory population is proof of this. In the manufacturing districts women make worse wives and worse helpmates than where they are altogether dependent on the man. And where there are fewer marriages there is more vice. Miss Parkes says, make your women, as a rule, capable to support themselves—"teach every daughter some useful art." The prevailing theory is, let as many women as possible be dependent on marriage. Let woman be trained to this as the end of her being. And though it is not seldom more roughly expressed, there is the highest social wisdom in it. Distressed governesses and distressed workwomen are social anomalies, but the social fabric is for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. And this is attained by making marriage the rule. In a community where all the women were clerks, telegraph-workers, watchmakers, and book-keepers, the inducements to marriage would be lessened on either side. Men do not like, and would not seek, to mate with an independent factor, who at any time could quit—or who at all times would be tempted to neglect—the tedious duties of training and bringing up children, and keeping the tradesmen's bills, and mending the linen, for the more lucrative returns of the desk or counter. It is not the interest of States, and it is not therefore true social policy, to encourage the existence, as a rule, of women who are other than entirely dependent on man as well for subsistence as for protection and love.

Possibly Miss Parkes may reply with the old story of the man and the lion. All our laws are man-made laws, and our social theories are of the male manufacture. This is no reason why it should be so, she and the Women's Rights conventions would reply. It is not, we admit; but—and it really comes to this after all—Miss Parkes' grievance lies deeper, and her complaint is with human nature. Lady Psyche found the same fault; and the remedy is the same. The answer to these theories is, fall in love and get a husband. It is a prosaic way of putting it; but this, according to the Apostle, common sense, and the verdict of mankind, is the long and short of it. "Let them marry." "But they can't." More's the pity, we say; but we are not disposed to innovate on society, and to make that more difficult which already is too difficult. Miss Parkes not only argues as though every woman were a possible old maid and a contingent widow, but contends that her education is to be framed to meet this, which is only an accident of life. Married life is woman's profession; and to this life her training—that of dependence—is modelled. Of course by not getting a husband, or losing him, she may find that she is without resources. All that can be said of her is, she has failed in business; and no social reform can prevent such failures. The mischance of the distressed governess and the unprovided widow, is that of every insolvent tradesman. He is to be pitied; but all the Social Congresses in the world will not prevent the possibility of a mischance in the shape of

broken-down tradesmen, old maids, or widows. Each and all are frequently left without resources; and each and all always will be left without resources; but it would be just as reasonable to demand that every boy should be taught two or three professions because he may fail in one, as it is to argue that all our social habits should be changed because one woman in fifty—or whatever the statistics are—is a spinster or widow without any resources. We fear we are driven, in spite of Miss Parkes and a writer in the *Times*, to the old-fashioned view, that it is better for all parties—men and women, for the State and for society—that women should not, as a rule, be taught some useful art, and so be rendered independent of the chances of life. We do not want our women to be androgynous. We had rather do what we can for the Governesses' Institution, and, if need be, subscribe to a dozen more such institutions, than realize Miss Parkes' Utopia of every middle-class girl taught some useful art.

For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.

A VISIT TO ROCHDALE.

ROCHDALE is perhaps unknown to many of our readers, except as the borough which furnishes a modest Parliamentary retreat to the late representative of the West Riding. What is generally known of it might be summed up in copy-book phrase—"A small town in Lancashire, chiefly noted for woollen manufactures." Nor is there anything in its appearance or architecture to distinguish it from other places of the same class. Its site, round the bottom of a closely pent valley, is one of the most unpromising that could be named; nor does the nativity of Mr. Bright afford sufficient cause for a pilgrimage thither. A duller and less attractive spot a tourist could hardly select. But Rochdale boasts one institution which is likely to be remembered when Mr. Bright is forgotten. A few humble operatives have there achieved more for the honour and service of their order than the great agitator's wildest schemes of Reform can ever effect. Unaided from without, almost unheard of beyond their own neighbourhood, their labours have raised thousands of their fellow-workmen to a position of enviable comfort and independence. Fifteen years ago, the condition of the weavers of Rochdale was below that of the majority of Lancashire operatives; now, both in prosperity and intelligence, they are, to say the least of it, on a level with the *élite* of their class. At this moment a capital of not less than 60,000*l.*, belonging to Rochdale working men, is invested in concerns of which working men alone have the management and control, and it increases almost faster than employment can be found for it. The quarterly dividends, instead of being dissipated, as windfalls are apt to be by working men, in extravagant indulgence, are in great part reinvested at once in the concerns from which they flow. Two or three thousand men have been educated in habits of thrift, foresight, and rational temperance. More than half that number periodically assemble, and discuss their affairs with as much good sense and decorum as are usually found at the meetings of a great Railway Company; and the men by whose wisdom and energy this has been accomplished—plain working men still in dress, language, and condition—converse upon their achievements with unaffected modesty, listen to suggestion or dissent with more courteous patience than an ordinary mechanic will display, and indicate the causes to which they attribute their success, and the mistakes which they have learnt to repair, with a candour and clearness of sight which go far to explain to the listener results which at first seemed incredible.

Fifteen years ago, by hardly saved contributions of threepence a week, some forty working men, most of them more or less inculcated by the doctrines of Robert Owen, had amassed a common capital of 28*l.* With this sum they hired the ground-floor of a small warehouse in a back street. Half their little capital was spent on rent and humble fixtures—the other half purchased flour and groceries for sale among the members. Their shop was open for a few hours every week, and the most zealous among them undertook the management. For many months these men worked hard with hopeful faith and loyalty under desertion and discouragement—with no pay and little praise. Perseverance brought slow success. Their numbers and their capital gradually increased. Their practical rules were admirable, and experience, by which they knew how to profit, corrected the errors of principle with which they started. They learnt to limit their ambition to such social regeneration as patience and energy may effect. They learnt the immutability of economical laws. They submitted to pay such interest on capital as working men could in no other way procure for their small savings. The Rochdale Savings' Bank failed, and the Co-operative Store practically took its place, with a capital now amounting to some 1200*l.* Since that time its progress has been rapid and uninterrupted. In the following year (1850) it was for the first time open the whole day long, and salaried officers were appointed.

From their present position the founders of the Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers—to give them their full title—may well look back with pride upon their small beginnings. No rich philanthropist has aided them with money and bad advice—no patronage of influential neighbours has supported them—their

work is all their own. To their own exertions they owe their capital of 20,000*l.*, their two warehouses in that busy back street, their branch establishments, their butcher's shop, their draper's shop, their shoemaking and tailoring business, their amply-stocked grocery and provision shop, their well-supplied news-room, their evening school, their library of three thousand volumes. To them is mainly due the creation of the Rochdale Co-operative Corn Mill, with its 12,000*l.* of independent capital, besides the 5000*l.* which they have lent to it. They, too, are the chief authors of the Co-operative Manufacturing Society, in which they have invested 5000*l.* belonging to the Pioneers, and which has already an additional capital of 30,000*l.* But it is their highest honour to have emancipated the 2400 members of their Store from two of the worst servitudes which degrade and oppress the English workman—the slavery of the Trades Union, and the slavery of debt. For, by the natural progress of enlightenment and independence, the Store has almost starved out the Unions and superseded strikes in Rochdale, and the nature of its operations relieves its members from that incubus of indebtedness which hangs like a millstone round the neck of the operative who aspires to improve his condition.

Few of us probably are aware how general is a state of debt among the working class. In his *History of the Rochdale Store*—strikingly different in character and value from his other writings—Mr. Holyoake, who thoroughly knows the working classes, has some remarkable passages, which we have not space to quote. Suffice it to say that the week's wages are, too generally, spent beforehand, and that a large proportion of families are in debt to much more than that amount. They are kept by their debts in a state of hopeless dependence upon the shopkeeper, are compelled to purchase inferior articles at high prices—and thus live in inevitable waste and incurable discomfort. From this condition the Rochdale Store has extricated all who belong to it. It will not let them run into debt, it makes savings for them without trouble of theirs, pays them an interest on those savings which they could obtain in no other way, and allows them facilities for withdrawing their investments practically as great as those offered by a savings-bank.

The main distinctive principles of the Co-operative Store may be summed up as follows. In the first place, adulteration and underselling are unknown; they buy only sound and wholesome goods, and sell only at the retail market price. Secondly, they buy and sell only for ready money—a man who may have 100*l.* in the store cannot buy a pound of tea on credit. Thirdly, their dealings are all simple, so as to be understood at a glance by directors and auditors. In their own phrase, "every transaction must clear itself." The shareholder of 100*l.*, if he wants a pound of tea, and has no cash in his pocket, must withdraw a portion of his money from the hands of the cashier, and pay for his goods across the counter. For the laws allow any sum under fifty shillings to be drawn out without notice; and even for larger sums notice is, in practice, never required, which is perhaps a chief cause of the steady confidence reposed in the management. Finally, the division of profits is made in a manner somewhat remarkable. Salaries and expenses being paid, and a very liberal allowance made for depreciation of fixed stock, 5 per cent. is paid on all capital invested, and one-fortieth part of the remainder is allotted to an Educational Fund, out of which the library and news-room are supported. The remainder is distributed among the members in proportion to their purchases. This arrangement is a somewhat peculiar, and, at first sight, a somewhat unintelligible one. In discussing it with two or three of the ablest members of the Society we found that they defend it by arguments much less tenable than the arrangement itself—arguments which go to impeach the whole existing system of retail trade. They allege that capital has received its due when interest has been paid upon it—that the customers who make the trade ought to have the profit. We need not waste words in exposing the fallacy of this doctrine. The arrangement in question may be defended on better grounds. The store was instituted, not for the profit of capitalists, but for the benefit of purchasers—an object neither more nor less legitimate. It is managed in the name and for the advantage of working-class purchasers. The 5 per cent., with liberty of withdrawal, attracts more capital than they require; for working-men with savings of 10*l.*, 20*l.*, or 50*l.*, can find no investment so profitable, except by means of co-operation. And it would be absurd for the store to offer higher terms than those which suffice to attract all the capital it can profitably employ. To the workman-capitalist it is a bank paying the highest rate of interest that any bank offers—to the workman-purchaser it is an agency in whose profits he is a partner. The former has this additional advantage, that he has a vote in its management—the latter, that his profits are, if he pleases, saved and invested for him; and there are few of the purchasers who have not also money invested in the store. Indeed, such only are members, and as members entitled to share the profits. Servants of the store receive a fixed salary—the Directors serve gratuitously. The Corn Mill is managed on the same footing.

The Manufacturing Society has hitherto been a small concern, renting one floor in a mill of moderate size. It is now collecting considerable capital, and has made some progress in building a factory of its own. After paying five per cent. on capital, and wages at the market rate, it divides profits on wages and capital alike. Thus, at the year's end, if the net return be four per cent.

on the whole capital and the sum paid in wages added together, A. B., who works elsewhere, but has 50*l.* in the Society, will receive 2*l.* 10*s.* interest, plus 2*l.* profit, equal to 4*l.* 10*s.*; and C. D., having invested nothing, but receiving from the Society 50*l.* in wages, will be entitled to 2*l.* profit only. By this means the Society will be able to command the best workmen, and every man, being a partner in the concern, is likely to do his utmost. The Society, therefore, look forward to considerable profits. On a small scale, they have already done well. Even in the disastrous time of 1857, their ready-money dealings exempted them in great measure from the influence of the panic; and they made a small profit when the trade at large were losing heavily. Whether they will succeed so well with a large business—whether they can command and will pay for the skill required to deal with the complications of the cotton trade and the difficulties of the Liverpool market—we cannot pretend to say. They are confident, however, and have earned some right to be so.

We heartily wish them success. The good that they have done in Rochdale and its vicinity we have endeavoured to describe. The good which their example may do elsewhere we can hardly estimate. Co-operation in this form, purged from Owenism, and far removed from Communism—recognising that the laws of political economy are as certain as the law of gravitation—recognising, too, in direct contradiction to Communism, that, while human nature remains the same, the more direct and personal a man's interest in his work, the better for his work, for himself, and for others—may not improbably prove a most valuable ingredient in our social system. Certainly it has taught the men of Rochdale not only a most intelligent apprehension of their own interests, but a respect for the rights and an appreciation of the good-will of other classes which are too rarely found among working men.

OUR FUTURE RULERS.

IT is always the part of wisdom to worship the rising sun. Mr. Bright, with that long-sighted wisdom which is his peculiar gift, has already pointed out the quarter in which the object of our adoration is to show itself. We know, from his mouth, that within the space of five years all the working classes are to have votes; and as they outnumber the other classes in the proportion of about three to one, we may confidently salute them as the heirs apparent of political power. The only existing European constitution that rests on the suffrage of the lowest classes deals rather vigorously with our craft; and therefore we think it prudent thus early to bespeak their favour by devoting a few lines to a panegyric on the virtues of our future rulers.

With respect to their general acquirements, especially in the science of political economy, we do not now need to speak. Late events have brought their discoveries in that department—discoveries which are quite original and unquestionably important—very prominently before the public eye. We know the gallant stand they have made, both in London and elsewhere, for the rights of those usually neglected classes—the awkward, the stupid, and the lazy. We know how they have resisted even unto death all attempts to make them labour according to their pay; and how they have boldly uplifted the banner of the rights of man, with the motto "A long day's wages for a short day's work." But it is not these purely intellectual and therefore subsidiary qualifications that we wish to celebrate. Rather would we speak of what Mr. Carlyle would call the authentic kingship of our future rulers. The great political desideratum of the day is a strong Government. We have sought for it far and wide, and have not found it. In the hope of it, we have confided our destinies blindly to Mr. Thwaites. In the hope of it, we have shut up in the Cabinet together the sixteen cleverest public men of the day, notwithstanding that they belonged to seventeen different schools of political opinion (counting two for Mr. Gladstone). In the hope of it, some have even invoked the rough vigour of a Napoleonic administration. They need not have gone so far. The English democracy may say, with Mr. Cox's Wat Tyler, "I will be your strong Government." At present, in their condition of enforced tutelage, they have only been able to display their executive vigour on a mean scale and on a petty stage. But we trust, by recounting their exploits, to convince our readers, and their future subjects, that for their opportunities they have not in reality fallen short of those models of strong government, Robespierre and St. Just. "The people of England"—meaning, according to the Brighton tongue, the poorest classes thereof—have long been the victims of the baneful influence of their superiors in wealth and station. This enervating position has hitherto, in spite of the efforts of Mr. Bright, paralysed their energy and warped their political views. If we would foresee the coming glories of their future reign we must find some spot where the venom is powerless, and where they act free from the restraints of landlord or employer. Such a Utopia is Sheffield. The peculiar character of the trade of that town, admitting to a great extent of isolated and independent labour, has reared up a race of Democrats such as all England will be filled with when the final victory shall have been achieved over the thrice-cursed "wealthier classes." Of the intellectual character of the population it is enough to say, that even the ten-pound householders rise to the elevation of seuding a Hadfield to the House of Commons—though, of course, the ten-pound householders, having some education and a slight stake in the country,

can only in a very qualified and restricted sense be said to form part of "the people of England."

Of course this happy community is blessed with numerous Trades Unions, freely chosen out of itself, and which therefore may be looked upon as true samples, so far as Sheffield is concerned, of the working classes to whom a "thorough Reform Bill" will hand over the powers of legislation. The immediate objects of a Trades Union's action are twofold—first, to preserve the adhesion of every working man to their body; and secondly, to efface the degrading and insulting distinction which employers sometimes venture to set up between good and bad workmen. It is the vigour of their administration in the attainment of these two objects which proves their capacity for power, and allows us to cherish a hope that a strong Government may yet be found in England. We need only give instances of the methods they adopt for securing the first of these two objects; for when the first is secured, the second is a simple matter enough. It is quite easy for the committee of the Trades Union to impose what regulations it pleases upon the Trade, so long as all the artisans belonging to it are subject to their authority. Accordingly they level the hateful distinction between good workmen and bad by decreeing that no man shall receive, in consideration of superior ability, more wages than any of his fellow-workmen, and that if a master presumes to dismiss a man for irregularity or bad work, all his fellow-workmen shall strike. But of course these decrees are a mere *brutum fulmen* unless all who work in the trade are retained under the obedience of the Committee. How is their authority to be asserted over the misguided few who decline to submit themselves to the paternal government of the Trades Union? This is the real test of their administrative vigour. This is the problem their statesmanship has to solve. How do they meet it? Two or three instances, selected from among their most recent measures, will convince our readers that, when Mr. Bright's Reform Bill shall have passed, the Government of the country will be entrusted to no nerveless arms. We will confine ourselves to the present year.

The Fork-grinders' Union is the first whose exploits we have to record. With the innocent object of getting money somehow, it passed a resolution forbidding any fork-grinder to receive an order direct from his employers. All orders were to pass through the Committee of the Union—the Committee receiving a percentage on the same. Some evil-disposed men, covetously murmuring because this percentage was taken out of their earnings, dared to disobey. The stern and prompt vengeance with which the Committee vindicated the majesty of their outraged laws, may be read in the *Times* of the 18th of February last:—

The principal victims are three fork-grinders, named William Mason, Samuel Grinston, and Charles Royston. The men are employed at grinding wheels in different parts of the town, and it appears that during Wednesday night their workplaces were entered in a way not to attract notice, and powder was placed in the troughs and hollows beneath the grinding-stones at which they worked. When they commenced work between seven and eight o'clock yesterday morning, the sparks produced in grinding ignited the powder, and violent explosions followed. Mason, who was brutally ill-treated only a few weeks ago by a party of unionists, was severely burnt about the face, hands, and arms, his shirt and neck-tie being set on fire. Fortunately, he wore a pair of large spectacles, which protected his eyes. Royston received similar injuries. Grinston is still more seriously hurt, his face being dreadfully burnt, and his eyes, it is feared, are so much injured that it is doubtful whether he will regain the use of them. At other wheels powder was deposited in the troughs of non-union men, but was fortunately detected before ignition took place.

This example, though severe enough, does not seem to have been sufficient to awe the refractory into submission. A few months later, the Saw-grinders' Union was compelled to come forward with still sterner measures of repression. We read in the *Times* of the 2nd of August last:—

About ten o'clock last night, James Linley, saw-grinder, was shot while sitting at the Crown inn, Scotland-street. The ball entered his left temple, and lodged behind his eye. He is expected to die. Linley has previously been shot at, and attempts have been made to blow up his house, and he has now no doubt been shot for refusing to join the Saw-grinders' Union.

Probably this last measure would have been successful for a time in quelling opposition, if it had not been for the unfortunate events which were just then taking place in London. The months of August and September were the months of Mr. Potter's furious onslaught and ignominious defeat. The masters, who were told to choose between humiliation and ruin, then succeeded in shaking themselves for ever free of a control which bid fair to lead them into the *Gazette*. The men who began the conflict with an arrogant certainty of success, and who were supported by contributions even from Bristol and Glasgow, have now nothing before them, as the result of so many weeks of pinching, and so many savings swallowed up, but the prospect of a bitter winter and a starving home. It was not to be expected that the masters in the North should resist the contagion of revolt. At least on no other hypothesis can we understand the sudden resolution of the same redoubtable Saw-grinders' Union to inflict a summary vengeance on an employer named Wilson, who for some fourteen years had defied them with impunity. Mr. Wilson has always held the opinion at which Sir Samuel Peto and his friends have recently arrived, after bitter experience, that Union men are not desirable inmates of a workshop. Acting on this principle he never would employ any member of a Union. For some time past he had received warnings that the "wild justice" of the Saw-grinders' Union was about to overtake him. One of his workmen, who had formerly been a companion of the James Linley whose fate we have already recounted, intimidated

to him that if he did not employ Union men "he would happen to get shot." About three weeks after, a still more distinct warning reached him in the shape of the following vigorous composition. The spelling of the original—we say it in our printer's defence—was, eminently Republican:—

to Mr. Joseph Wilson

Dear Sir,—I take this opportunity of just reminding you that you are trying on a Dangerous game you are taking the place of another person Whose name it do not need to mention by running a Bout to Decoy Boys to grind for you—it will save your Life if you do not succeed as it would cause you to Become the next game and In that case it is 50 to 1 upon your days being numbered you may treat this Litley and toss it into the fire if you will But so sure are you are a doomed man and Bear in mind I have eithertoo allways don all that I have promist in this way to the fullest measure

Signat TANTIA TOPE.

He might have gathered a still further warning from the fact that one of the non-union men whom he was employing was blown up by the same ingenious device which disposed of the recalcitrant fork-grinders in February last. But Mr. Wilson rushed upon his fate. On Friday, November 4th—for the sake of historical propriety it should have been November 5th—matters came to a practical issue. The secret, unerring, undiscoverable agents of the Union deposited half a gallon of powder in Mr. Wilson's cellar. At six o'clock in the morning the mine was sprung. It is needless to say that partitions were thrown down, walls cracked, floors torn up, and tables sent flying against ceilings. The only marvel is that one brick was left upon another. It is very much to the credit of the Sheffield builders that this Guy Fawkes' performance only annihilated the living-rooms, and spared the bed-rooms altogether. Mr. Wilson and his family, being happily free from any indiscreet love of early rising, were safely stowed in bed, and all escaped.

There is always some consolation in knowing the best and worst of our future destiny. Sheffield is the home of the working man, *pur sang*, unadulterated by any misguiding foreign influences. The Trades Unions are the collective sense of the vast majority of the working men; and these outrages that we have related are no isolated outbursts of ferocity or revenge—they are the deliberate and solemn acts of a representative conclave of working men. And these men, if the suffrage be widely extended, must, in virtue of their numerical superiority, become our masters. Long live our future rulers! We only trust that, when they come to power, they will have the common justice to transmit to Mr. Froude a peremptory order for the immediate rehabilitation of Guy Fawkes.

THE MORTARA CASE.

MR. LANGDALE has contrived, not without ingenuity, to avert attention from the real merits of the Mortara case. But then he has had the good luck to have Sir Culling Eardley for his antagonist; and the cause which is unfortunate enough to find the leader of the Evangelical Alliance its champion is sure to suffer. Even the plainest of duties and the highest of principles might not, unreasonably, be questioned when Sir Culling stands sponsor for them. There are hands in which we should tremble for the safety of the Newtonian philosophy and the immortality of the soul. Christianity itself has suffered full as much from its apologists as its assailants; and one is tempted to think that religious liberty and parental rights may be questioned if they are to be defended by letters from Sir Culling Eardley.

As to the Mortara abduction, it is, as a moral and religious question, transparent in its simplicity. Religion itself must become contemptible and vile, and Christianity a curse, if it is to supersede the first law of nature. Believing that the author of the parental relation and the author of the Gospel are one, we decline to follow the ingenious deductions which have been forced from the text, "Compel them to come in." We cut the theological knot by asserting the paramount obligation of the antecedent law. The Papal authorities must know—and none know better—that their baptisms by fraud are condemned and held in abhorrence by their own controversial authorities. *Fieri non debet, factum valet*, excuses the consequences, but apologises for the wrong. Had the Pope and his advisers simply repeated the undoubted language of the great writers of the Catholic Church, which visit with reprobation the conduct of the Mortaras' maidservant, the scandal of the case would have been attenuated; for it is only the narrowest and most technical school even of Roman authorities which ventures to assert that the whole human race, while in a state of unconsciousness, belongs to the spiritual kingdom of Rome. Given baptism, and given its necessity—given the Papal Supremacy and the Vicariate over all mankind—and it may follow, by the stress of an irresistible logic, that the baptism of the Montara child, and its detention from its parents, may be defended. But they are defensible only on the theoretical positions of the extreme Schoolmen. Rome has never said, and never will say, that this baptism by fraud and violence, in jest or in deceit, is other than reprehensible. But the Papal authorities had not the moral courage to repeat what is the voice of its own canonists—*fieri non debet*.

The case itself might, we think, have been reasonably left to stand by its own exceeding weight. The wrong was so plain a violation of the law of nature, that to place the grievance on lower grounds was to destroy its force. We were more particularly struck with the policy of the recent Declaration, perhaps because we thought that "declarations" in general are rather useless.

Of course there is something sublime in Prometheus calling heaven and earth to witness his great wrongs; but as the three Archbishops and nineteen Bishops perfectly well knew that nothing would or could come of their protest, it might as well have been omitted. Its result has been to encumber the case with collateral and inconvenient issues which obscure its simplicity. An "indignation meeting" has its charms if not its use; and the desire to relieve one's conscience and to see one's name in good company is seductive; but the Bishop of London was probably right in declining to protest, under the sensible plea that he had something else to do than to sign paper policies. The very existence of England, and its system, social, religious, and political, is the strongest declaration against the Mortara abduction. We know not how far all who signed the Declaration were apprized of the use intended to be made of their names; but we can well believe that certain subscribers, who only regarded the Mortara case in its theological aspect, will be surprised to learn that the Declaration has been invested in the political market, and that some of its supporters have carried it to Downing-street, with an eye to the coming Congress.

The Declaration, however, had another disadvantage. It gave Mr. Langdale the opportunity of hazarding the easy answer of a *Tu quoque*. With an ironical gravity which was all but amusing, this very respectable English Romanist urged the old and utterly inadequate parallel of the English union workhouses. It would have been easy to point out that the cases are entirely different—that the Mortara child was neither foundling nor orphan, and that the merciful provision of the English law in bringing up the outcast in some religion was a very different thing from bringing up a child who has parents in a religion contrary to the parental will and convictions. It would have been even more easy to dwell on the jealousy with which the English Courts always guard the parental right, and it would have been to the purpose to point to decisions in which compulsory proselytism has been repeatedly checked and discouraged. Simply to have named the Habeas Corpus Act, and to contrast it with the way in which Cardinal Antonelli received Sir Moses Montefiore, would at once have disposed of Mr. Langdale. But argument and good manners are not Sir Culling Eardley's weakness.

With an amount of ill-breeding peculiarly his own, Sir Culling lowers the whole question into a personal wrangle, in which, as was to be expected, he gets the worst of it. He seeks to force Mr. Langdale into a verbal admission of what, for all argumentative purposes, the hereditary Romanist had already conceded. Sir Culling meets the irrelevant *Tu quoque* by another *Tu quoque* which is impertinent as well as irrelevant. He should have assumed, what was the plain fact, that Mr. Langdale had admitted the major proposition, that all interference with parental religion is wrong. The appeal to the case of the union workhouses had no meaning, unless it were granted that the religion of parents was to be respected. Instead of which, Sir Culling, in the most offensive way, asks a question which Mr. Langdale was quite right to decline to answer. No man of honour will reply to a correspondent who tells you that he has registered his letter, because this assumes that he believes you are one who will say that you have never received it. It was, perhaps, beyond Sir Culling's power to show that Mr. Langdale's retort was beside the question at issue, and he was too blind to see the argumentative weakness open to him. So, as between these two champions, the situation is simply, that neither will admit anything; and Sir Culling is probably right. We vehemently suspect that he thinks compulsory proselytism a wrong thing, except in Protestant interests; and we are by no means sure that he is ready to denounce a right which we regret to say has been, if not claimed, substantially acted upon—namely, that all is fair in anti-Papal conversions. At any rate, he has given Mr. Langdale an advantage which a more practised reasoner or a more courteous controversialist would have avoided.

In asking the English Foreign Secretary to represent the Jews at the forthcoming Congress, Sir Culling Eardley was, we think, very ill advised—unless we are to consider this step peculiarly his own. The Mortara abduction is a very strong case. It appeals to all sorts of considerations. It revolts our notions of morality and religion. It is an illustrative case, but no more. It shows what the extreme Roman theories must come to; but this is a polemical and controversial consideration, though a very important one. It displays the difficulties and administrative inconveniences of a political State administered on theocratic principles; and this opens up an interesting field of speculative inquiry. But, strong as the Mortara case is in itself, it is not one for a European Congress to meddle with. It is so recently that we have learned the lesson of giving equal rights to all religionists, that it is too much to expect that the representatives of Europe will make the equal rights of the Jews the subject of discussions and protocols. We have ourselves so recently removed Jewish disabilities that it is somewhat premature to demand what Sir Culling seems to imply—that the Ghetto should cease to be. The municipal law of Rome, that Jews should not take Catholic nursery-maids, is a very unreasonable one—almost as bad as that which empowered, in Ireland, a younger son, if converted to the Established Church, to take his elder brother's inheritance. But we doubt whether, a century ago, we should have much relished any Continental interference with our penal laws, however mischievous or absurd; and much as we respect

the Jews, and sympathize with the Mortaras, we do not desire that England should take Continental rank on the strength of an assumed Jewish Protectorate. There will be quite enough to settle, and difficulties more than enough to encumber their settlement, with the political situation of Italy, without introducing the very subordinate—politically subordinate—matter of the Mortara case.

GARIBALDI AT ASTLEY'S.

MR. WILLIAM COOKE'S mind evidently does not move, like the horses of his establishment, in a circle. He might well have been excused for dwelling too fondly on the past, and resting content with performances which successive generations of youthful playgoers have voted enchanting. But a healthy spirit of progress forbids him to repose. Steeds such as his should march, he feels, in the very van of civilization. He will inform the intellect as well as charm the eye, and with Garibaldi for a hero and Mr. Tom Taylor for author, he might fairly reckon on the attainment of either object. Nor have his hopes been disappointed. Night after night an enthusiastic multitude follows with ever-increasing interest the wild career of the Italian commander. The mental effort necessary in order to keep pace with the proceedings is really no slight one. The visitor to Astley's, in its present glorified condition, should go there in no light or trivial humour. He must be prepared for the most startling transitions of time and place. He must flash in Fancy's eager flight across the Atlantic—from Uruguay to the Valtelline—from the company of wild Marteros and Charrua Indians to Austrian garrisons or Italian villagers. He must be prepared for all the most terrible incidents of war on the grandest scale. The cannonades throughout the evening are heavy, and the rifle practice frightfully effective. Human life is sacrificed with remorseless extravagance. Now it is a hand-to-hand combat with bayonet and sword, now a charge of cavalry, now a military execution following with admirable rapidity upon the sentence of a drum-head court-martial. Nor is this the only trial to unaccustomed nerves. Until familiarity has bred contempt, there is something rather overpowering in the precipitate manner in which warriors on cream-coloured chargers, armed to the teeth, and panting for active service, dash suddenly upon the scene from all sorts of unlikely quarters, gallop wildly in no particular direction, and presently hurry off again to the instant execution of some deed of glory. If it were not for a certain calmness about the cream-coloured chargers' eyes, which reassures one as to the real intentions of their riders, we really think the Lord Chamberlain would have to stop this part of the performance as too dangerously exciting.

The story has the merit of being thoroughly intelligible from beginning to end, notwithstanding the intervals when peals of artillery drown every other sound, and thick clouds of smoke introduce a certain element of indistinctness into the proceedings. The curtain rises upon an Estancia in Uruguay. Here Garibaldi is stationed as a Free-lance commander in the service of the Banda Oriental. With him is his beloved Anita, whose beauty and faithfulness reward the weary warrior's moments of repose. A darling child and a comic nigger Procopio complete the domestic paradise. That nothing should be wanting, John Beard, an adventurous Englishman, whom commercial embarrassments have driven into the "hide and tallow line," arrives at the Estancia to claim the rights of hospitality, unconsciously pays Garibaldi a great many compliments, and ends by swearing an eternal friendship with his new leader and the gallant Marteros. The oath is hardly taken when a herd of wild horses obligingly make their appearance, and gallop up the back scenes, to be lassoed by the Marteros on the neighbouring mountains. This makes room for the villain of the piece, Mancini, one of the soldiers of the legion, who follows the Byronio code of hating his neighbour and loving his neighbour's wife, and who, exasperated by Anita's fidelity, has revenged himself by stealing away her daughter, and is further resolved upon the destruction of her husband. The way in which Mancini rolls his eyes and says "Cur-r-ae yer," as he watches the loving couple who are the objects of his jealousy, is one of the sublimest tragical effects conceivable. He has not long to wait for his opportunity. An officer in the service of the Dictator Rosas is meditating a surprise on the Italian Free-lances, and Mancini, who becomes his prisoner, at once saves his neck and gratifies his revenge by betraying the place of his leader's concealment. Fairly surrounded, Garibaldi rushes through the enemy's ranks, firing off pistols in every direction, and presently escapes, leaving the treacherous Mancini, as he believes, dead on the field. Anita, however, is secured, and Rosas' troops soon fall fast asleep over some drugged wine. Hereupon Anita's favourite horse comes to the rescue, performs some rather unintelligible gyrations around the prostrate warriors, and ends by loosing his mistress's cords, and enabling her to take steps for immediate escape. She has just succeeded, when Mancini recovers from his swoon, and rouses the soldiers just as Anita disappears on the distant heights, and Procopio blows up a bridge, and so renders pursuit out of the question.

We next find ourselves at Rome. The pale moon throws a melancholy light over the ruinous palaces and the battered fortifications of the Imperial City; all around are the lines of the

French besieging army. Firm and undismayed, Garibaldi and a handful of trusty warriors are awaiting the assault, which they know must be at hand. Anita, with a laudable disobedience, disguises herself as a peasant, and makes her way through the hostile force to join her husband in the crisis of his fate. John Beard re-appears in as high spirits as ever, and shows his English breeding by performing an elaborate toilette while shells are bursting around him, and rockets hurtling through the air—Procopio in comical consternation on one hand, and Garibaldi morally sentimental on the other. Mancini is still bent on perfidy. This time he is a French spy, and nothing but a bold *reconnaissance* by the Englishman prevents his evil machinations from bringing the besiegers upon an unguarded point of the defence. Garibaldi and his brave lancers, however, receive due warning and make a gallant charge—the French rush into the breach, dismounted combatants strew the ground, riderless horses dash wildly to and fro. Wherever the fight is hottest the noble Italian takes his stand, and rallies his almost failing followers around him. At last numbers carry the day, the tricolour waves on the captured ramparts, and an interlude of solemn music prepares us in the next act to find the hero's fortunes at their lowest ebb. We are in the marshes near Cesenatico. The rank sedge, which grows thick on every side, make it a safe lurking-place; the ground is soft and treacherous, for John Beard and a cream-coloured steed are advancing with cautious and uncertain steps. Procopio and a second steed are advancing, also cautious and uncertain. All parties seem much subdued. Procopio grows quite pathetic at the prospect of abandoning the horses; and his companion, to keep the audience thoroughly *au fait* as to what has been going on, most conveniently produces his journal, which the vicissitudes of the campaign have not prevented him from keeping with great regularity. At Cesenatico they find a peasant who is devoted to the cause of freedom, and in spite of a terrific Austrian official who threatens "instant death to 'oever 'arbours Garibaldi." A boat is provided for the General and his companions, while the well-disposed peasants dance a ballet to disarm suspicion. This pleasing artifice unfortunately is unavailing. Mancini is still energetically Satanic; an Austrian gun-brig drives the fugitives ashore; Anita returns only to die of disappointment and exhaustion; and her husband, though reckless now of life, and indulging freely in a most demonstrative agony, once more half mechanically betakes himself to flight.

The gloomy chapter is closed. The orchestra is more cheerful, and encourages us to hope. It is a protracted effort of expectation; for ten years roll wearily away before the destinies of our hero are revealed in their brightened aspect. Great changes have naturally taken place in the interim. Procopio is a trumpeter in the Austrian service. Mancini has become Podesta of Bormio, but is as unrelenting and revengeful as ever. The child whom he stole in its infancy has grown into a fair woman, who with her mother's name has inherited all her beauty, and whom Mancini, with a refined cruelty, has brought up in an unshaken belief that Garibaldi is the most atrocious of his species. Still, she finds a strange fascination in his name, which rises to a passion when Procopio discovers her real parentage, and tells her the strange incidents of her infancy. The occasion for action soon presents itself. Garibaldi is hovering in the neighbourhood with his Chasseurs of the Alps; and John Beard, while reconnoitring on his behalf, is caught by the Austrians, and imprisoned by the Podesta. Then events crowd thick upon us. Mancini, while plotting a trap for his old enemy, provides the very means for the Englishman's escape, and for the long-lost daughter rejoining her parent. Procopio discards his trumpeter's jacket, and renews his fealty to his old commander. John Beard arms himself with a whole battery of rifles, and picks off Austrians right and left with unerring precision. Avalanches thunder from the mountain side; ambuscades rush out from between the rocks; red lights throw a lurid glare over the wild magnificence of the Stelvio Pass; musketry crackles from a thousand heights; the daughters of Italy wave their hands in the background; and in front, amidst the surrounding confusion, we discover Procopio stamping on a prostrate Austrian, and Garibaldi performing an act which the play-bill, by a gentle metaphor, describes as "sheathing his sword," but which appears to consist in running it a very long way indeed into the person of the reprobate Mancini.

REVIEWS.

LA LÉGENDE DES SIÈCLES.*

VICTOR HUGO is the first living poet of France or the Continent, and, with one exception, the first in Europe. His fertility at an advanced period of life is extraordinary; and, when the quality of his composition is considered, it may almost be called admirable. At this moment he announces, in addition to the *Legend of the Centuries*, a volume of ballads, a romance in six volumes, and two five-act dramas. The historical part of the *Legend*, although it occupies two thick octavo volumes, is but the commencement of a series, or trilogy, and the later portions of the entire poem are already almost completed. Accord-

* *La Légende des Siècles*. Par Victor Hugo. Première Série. Histoire des Petites Épopées. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1859.

ing to the preface, the finished work will be a kind of epic of what is called progress, illustrating the advance of mankind from age to age; or, to pass into a more suitable language, where the matter-of-fact simplicity of English breaks down—"L'homme montant des ténèbres à l'idéal, la transfiguration paradisiaque de l'enfer terrestre, l'éclosion lente et suprême de la liberté, droit pour cette vie, responsabilité pour l'autre; une espèce d'hymne religieux à mille strophes, ayant dans ses entrailles une foi profonde et sur son sommet une haute prière, le drame de la création éclairé par le visage du créateur." The concluding portion of the poem is to bear the unobjectionable, and yet not altogether promising, title of "God." The central poem, which, like the "Purgatory" of Dante, will serve as a transition from the "dwarf epics" to the transcendental peroration of the whole, indicates its purpose and the opinion of the poet by the heading "La fin de Satan." It is much to be wished that the event which is to be celebrated were likely soon to represent a historical occurrence. Unfortunately, within a century of the September massacre and the wars of Napoleon, in the age of Emperors, of Red Republicans, of Mortara conversions, of Palmer, and of Sadleir, there is not the smallest ground for hoping that Satan is approaching the end of his career. The reality of progress, except in a secondary sense, is doubtful, or at least disputable. The highest moral or intellectual elevation which has been witnessed in modern Europe at most represents a combination of the intellect of Athens with the sentiment of Jerusalem. M. Hugo has, in the exercise of his poetical discretion, prepared the way for the ascent of humanity by taking, in the middle ages and the legends of the past, a *datum* line extravagantly low. Although he professes in his preface to have given a true image of the earlier epochs of the world, he has, with a kind of unconscious retrospective pessimism, passed over the whole of that which deserves to be called history, and almost the whole of that which deserves to be called fiction. Bloodthirsty sultans, bandit princes, profligate and perfidious emperors, and, at best, fabulous knights-errant, pass like a lurid moving diorama before the eyes of the weary spectator. The story of Cain is told in an outrageous form of Oriental exaggeration; but Joseph, and Moses, and David have no place in the picture, although the pleasant pastoral of Ruth is tenderly and gracefully introduced. Not only are the heroic age of Homer and the Athens of Pericles excluded from the scheme, but in a poetical history which assumes to represent the progress of the human race there is not a single notice of Greece. One little poem on the trifling subject of Androcles and the Lion is substituted for the legends of Romulus, of Numa, of Tarquin, and of Brutus, and for the record of the civil and military virtues which made Rome the mistress of the world. The great sovereigns and warriors of mediæval Europe, and the pregnant energy of the Northern races, are equally forgotten in the ambitious epic of progress. Even Charlemagne appears, not as the great conqueror and organizer of the West, but as the shadowy champion of the later chivalric romances. It is easy to prove the rapid advancement of the world when some vague dream of a philanthropic paradise is compared with the darkest portions of history and of fiction. "The Paradisiacal transfiguration of the earthly hell" is but a deceptive promise, if it implies only the transition from the lowest cannibalism to the ornamental virtues and vices of Paris. A poem with a purpose is in itself an anomaly, and even M. Hugo's genius breaks down in the attempt to prove the erroneous proposition that the devil in the nineteenth century is dying or likely to die. Fortunately his poetical instinct, though by no means unerring, generally fixes itself on the immediate object of his imagination, instead of muddling itself away over theories of progress. The author may persuade himself, before and after, that he has a profound philosophic meaning, but in the moment of production he is thinking as little as his fortunate reader of contributing to the early suppression of Satan.

If it were worth while to criticise the accuracy of a poem which affects to contain a history, M. Hugo might be justly censured for an absurd antipathy for Royalty which finds vent in the assignment of the vilest characteristics to the kings of rude and turbulent nations. Mr. Carlyle's enthusiasm for order and organization perhaps leads him to exalt beyond their merits the vigorous rulers of former ages; but his ideal representatives of Divine law correspond with historical truth far more nearly than the fierce and foolish assassins whom M. Hugo delights to create that he may stigmatize them. Unless modern civilization, with the *épanouissement* and *éclosion* which it prophesies, has sprung from a chance concurrence of atoms, the forces which moulded it into an organic form cannot have been wholly evil. The theory that the process of human improvement has consisted solely in the removal of coercion and control, though it constitutes the creed of sentimental democrats, is utterly remote from nature and experience. The justly popular heroes of unsettled ages have generally been stern rulers, who were known not to bear the sword in vain. The power which was then necessary for the protection of society has often been abused by selfish tyrants; but it is an affront to the sense of historical probability to represent a German Emperor and a King of Poland going out together in disguise to commit a murder, which seems as much in the course of their ordinary business as if they had been professional footpads or Thugs.

To English readers the most attractive portion of the *Legend of the Ages* will consist of the poems which least tend to carry out the grand design sketched out in M. Hugo's eloquent pre-

face. Yet a poet has a right to appeal to his countrymen as his natural judges; and it is not impossible that Frenchmen may appreciate elaborate declamations and allegories in honour of the progress of the species. The first poem, under the title of "The Consecration of Woman," idealizes, in the person of Eve first becoming conscious that she is likely to be a mother, one of the circumstances which insular taste at once rejects as an unsuitable subject for art. The association of fine sentiments with the physiological accidents of maternity is peculiar to modern Parisian literature. The admirers of M. Michelet's semi-medical rhapsody on love will probably consider that M. Hugo has done well in making all Eden sympathize with the interesting condition of the mother of mankind. It is not thus that primeval history was written; but modern poets naturally perhaps dwell by preference on those points which are passed over lightly in Genesis. According to the preface, the plan of the poem leads "from Eve, mother of men, to the Revolution, mother of the peoples;" and one of its latter portions, passing even into the twentieth century, contains in a curious epistle a detailed description of the *Great Eastern*, or of some still larger English ship, which seems to have been the most remarkable phenomenon of the world before the coming Millennium. Old Ocean saw the monster with alarm; two ships were slung on deck as boats; its speaking-trumpet was a telegraph; the waves stood as pedestals under its steady bulk. When its broadside was fired the bowsprit was lit up with the flash of two thousand guns; its inner life was a conflagration—

Ainsi qu'on voit l'Etna, l'on voyait ce steamer.
Il était la montagne errante de la mer.

But now in the happier twentieth century time and the waves have defeated the monster, and it floats about among clouds and billows, and "the vultures, who are the mosquitoes of the abyss." If the further history of the world is to be taken literally, mankind disappears soon after its largest work of art, and the eye, finding no sign of the existence of man in space—

Regarde en vain là-bas. Rien. Regardez là-haut.

The whole poem is possibly instructive to those who comprehend its bearing and its meaning, and humbler students may content themselves with the original revelation of an unexpected and yet undeniable analogy between vultures and mosquitoes.

There is less purpose and more poetry in the legendary tales, which illustrate progress only so far as they suggest that, in the times to which they belong, there may have been ample room for improvement. M. Hugo is not one of the romance writers who seek in fiction for a representation of real or even conceivable life. He deals with the Charlemagne cycle of chivalry in the burlesque spirit of Bojardo, instead of humanizing the heroes as Mr. Tennyson has treated the cognate types of King Arthur and his Round Table. Don Quixote himself, with all his loyalty to the traditions of knighthood, was not proof against the temptation of bettering the example of his illustrious predecessors. When he determined to go mad for a time in the Sierra Morena, he explained to Sancho that Amadis and Orlando had indeed had some reason for their famous extravagances. How much more, he argued, will the madness of the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance deserve immortal glory if he goes mad without any reason or provocation, solely for the purpose of doing additional honour to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso! A modern caricature of an old legend partakes of the nature of literary criticism rather than of poetic creation, but even in a questionable department of art, M. Victor Hugo's genius has enabled him to achieve astonishing success. The brilliancy of his language, the richness of his descriptions, and the untiring spirit of his narrative, may well silence, if not answer, the objections which may be raised to the general plan of his composition.

The "Marriage of Roland" is a lively account of the hero's famous single combat with Oliver on an island in the Rhone. For five days and four nights, with brief intervals of truce, the knights fight, although their horses are dead, their swords lost or thrown away, and their weapons are respectively an oak and an elm. As the night is setting in for a fifth time, it occurs to Oliver that it might be as well if they were to become friends, and even brothers:—

"Ecoute, j'ai ma sœur, la belle Aude au bras blanc,
Epouse-la." "Pardieu, je veux bien," dit Roland.
"Et maintenant buvons, car l'affaire était chaud."
C'est ainsi que Roland épousa la belle Aude.

There may be some mysterious meaning in the story, but happily the philosophy is as deeply buried as in the simplest nursery tale. Superhuman strength, employed in a desperate conflict about nothing, is an interesting rather than instructive subject of contemplation.

In "Aymerrillot," Charlemagne is returning, disconsolate, from Roncesvalles, with his army and all his remaining chieftains following sadly across the crown of the Pyrénées. As the Emperor crosses the ridge of the mountains, he sees a city in the plain below, with wonderful defences, including a citadel so fair that, "in truth, one could not describe it in a whole summer's day." The conqueror, of course, at once determines to take the city, in the hope of dispelling his melancholy; and he demands of his sage counsellor, Naymes, Duke of Bavaria, the name of his intended possession. But the old warrior shudders at the thought of another assault; and he answers that the Emperor had better buy the city if he wants it, for it is impossible to take it. "It

has for defenders, in addition to its own men of Bearn, twenty thousand Turks in double suits of armour; and as for us, your champions are now no better than women; and I, who am the oldest, am the least weary of all. In short, it is time to rest; and you, Sire, must be as mad as you are to think of attacking these towers with your battering-engines:—

L'Empereur répondit au Duc avec bonté,
"Duc, tu ne m'as pas dit le nom de la cité."

"No wonder," Naymes replies, "that I should forget anything at my age. Have pity on your barons; we long for home and for rest. We have conquered provinces enough to double the Empire, and these defenders of the city would laugh at you. In addition to their other works, they have three tunnels dug by the infidel Turks—

"Et qui vont, le premier dans le val de Bastan;
Le second, à Bordeaux; le dernier, chez Satan."
L'Empereur, souriant, reprit d'un air tranquille,
"Duc, tu ne m'as pas dit le nom de cette ville."

The Duke is forced to say that it is Narbonne; and the little difficulties of topography may be excused in the case of a town which was garrisoned by infidel Turks in the eighth century. Charles applies to Dreus of Montdidier to take the town, and offers as a reward all the land as far as Montpellier; but Dreus declares that he is now good for nothing but to be discharged—he has a fever, an ulcer on his leg, and has not gone comfortably to bed for a year, and he has no occasion for the territory which is offered. "The Emperor showed neither disturbance nor anger," and he proposes the undertaking to Hugh of Cotentin, who returns a similar answer. Richard of Normandy is there; and the King, beginning to despond, addresses him:—

"Vous êtes grand seigneur, et de race hardie
Duc; ne voudrez vous pas prendre Narbonne un peu?"

"No," the Norman answers, "one such duchy as mine is enough; and undertakings like this are fitter for soldiers of fortune." One by one all the nobles and chiefs successively refuse the enterprise; and then the Emperor, drawing his sword and standing up in his stirrups, dismisses them all with a torrent of indignant vituperation, and swears that when all the cowards have left him he will take Narbonne himself:—

Ainsi Charles de France, appelé Charlemagne,
Exarque de Ravenne, Empereur d'Allemagne,
Parlait dans la montagne avec sa grande voix;
Et les pâtres lointains, épars au fond des bois,
Croyaient en l'entendant que c'était la tonnerre.

As might be expected, a young man steps forward to undertake the adventure, and as he looks round with a modest simplicity, the Count of Ghent, who had been one of the recusants, says to his men-at-arms, with a laugh—

"Hé! c'est Aymerrillot, le petit compagnon."

The young champion is called Aymery, and he says that heaven had forgotten him in the distribution of hereditary fiefs. Two little coins would cover all his land, but "all the great blue sky would not be large enough for my heart. I will enter Narbonne and conquer it, and afterwards I will chastise the laughers if any are left:—

Charles, plus rayonnant que l'archange céleste,
S'écria, "Tu seras pour ce propos hautain
Aymery de Narbonne, et comte palatin,
Et l'on te parlera d'une façon civile—
Va, fils." Le lendemain Aymery prit la ville.

M. Hugo must have indulged his genius in the composition of this lively and vigorous story at some moment when his conscience told him that, in the "Twentieth Century" or the "End of Satan" he had, for the time, sufficiently done his duty by progress and things in general.

The "Little King of Galicia" is redeemed from the charge of moral utility by its exemplification of the poet's cherished doctrine, that princes are ruthless melodramatic demons. Ten brothers, the Infants of Asturias, have carried off their young nephew from his capital of Compostella, and they are deliberating on his fate in a mountain ravine near the pine wood of Ernula, which Pelayo once lit for a torch and held up the burning forest in his hand, till he had counted all the black Moors to the farther end of Spain. Ten major-domos and a hundred soldiers form the escort of the princes, and the boy is at the mercy of his uncles, who debate whether they shall sell him to Jusaph the Saracen, or make a monk of him, or throw him down a well. Don Pacheco delivers a long speech in favour of the plan of the cloister; but the eldest, Don Ruy the Subtle, mildly remarks that he knows nothing better, in matters of State and practical business—

And affairs by the vulgar unfit to be known,
Than a deep well below, and above it a stone.

While the debate still continues, a knight rides into the pass and inquires whether there is anything wrong going on, as the assemblage looks suspicious. Pacheco replies by a defiant explanation of the conduct and intentions of the party, winding up with a demand whether the sun and the earth are likely to interrupt their functions because ten lords partition a district, and one child returns to the dust. "The knight raised his visor slowly. 'I am named Roland, peer of France,' he said." Ruy then, politely calling attention to their superiority of force, recommends the Paladin to retire in peace. "Persuade my horse," said Roland—

"Car il a l'habitude étrange et ridicule,
De ne pas m'obéir quand je veux qu'il recule."

Don Ruy then argues the case more elaborately, and ends by offering Roland a share of the young king's spoil. "Have you had this dream?" said Roland, and giving his fair white war horse to the king, he said, 'Here, king, off at a gallop, return to your city, swim the river, and cross the mountain—go.'" The boy rode off—

à bride abattue,
"Ca, le premier qui monte à cheval, je le tue,"
Dit Roland.

It is hardly necessary to state that Roland proceeds to kill the Infants and their bandit followers, sometimes pausing in the midst of the *mêlée* to wonder, "Will he think of giving my horse water?" Ruy the Subtle succeeds in escaping, and of the rabble a few appear to be left at the end, while Roland, weary and bleeding, but still terrible—

Les chassait devant lui parmi les foudrières,
Et n'ayant plus d'épée, il leur jetait des pierres.

The moral of the story appears to be, that when a hundred and twenty people are engaged in a murder, it is desirable that a benevolent person who wishes to interfere should be more than a match for them all. The treatment of the details, the vividness and animation of the story, can only be appreciated by those who have the good fortune to read the poem itself.

There is not less spirit in a lyrical poem called the "Song of the Sea Rover," with the burden—

En partant du golfe d'Otrante
Nous étions trente;
Mais en arrivant à Cadix
Nous étions dix.

The adventures which thinned their numbers are recorded with true poetical extravagance. Tom Robins of Dover left them at the Pharos, to ascertain whether he could see Satan chained in the crater of Etna. Some were hanged, and some were married, and one or two taken and sent to the galleys:—

A Malte, Ofani se fit moine,
Et Gobbo se fit arlequin.

Two or three sea-fights and an attack on Algiers diversified the voyage to Cadiz, and on their arrival the remaining ten took the town with the king in it, and then, "not knowing what to do with it, we civilly gave it back." "My nine comrades were made dukes and grandees of Spain, and they went to Seville to marry ladies of honour. To me the king said, 'Will you have my daughter?' and I said, 'Merci, Seigneur.'" Then the gay and rattling ballad passes with a graceful beauty into a musical and tender love-song:—

J'ai là bas, où des flots sans nombre
Mugissent dans les nuits d'hiver,
Ma belle farouche à l'œil sombre
Au sourire charmant et fier,
Qui tous les soirs, chantant dans l'ombre
Vient m'attendre au bord de la mer.
En partant du golfe d'Otrante
Nous étions trente;
Mais en arrivant à Cadix
Nous étions dix.

J'ai ma Fiencette à Fiesone.
C'est là que mon cœur est resté.
Le vent fraîchit, la mer frissonne,
Je m'en retourne en vérité.
O roi, ta fille a la couronne,
Mais Fiencette a la beauté.
En partant du golfe d'Otrante
Nous étions trente;
Mais en arrivant à Cadix
Nous étions dix.

M. Victor Hugo ought to be careless who provides the French with sentimental philosophy, as long as he can write their ballads.

KINGSLEY'S MISCELLANIES.*

EVEN if the ability and the varied power displayed in the essays now collected together by Mr. Kingsley were less than they are, it would still be in the highest degree interesting to see the opinions, on many different and unconnected subjects, of a writer who has few equals in merited popularity, and who is exercising a very considerable influence on the English public. If the writer were a stranger to us, we should be chiefly occupied, in reading these *Miscellanies*, with thinking whether the opinions they embody are true or new, and whether truth and novelty of thought have received an adequate expression. But when an author who has written so many works with which we are well acquainted offers us a collection of his passing thoughts on almost all the topics that chiefly engage his attention, our interest in what he says is absorbed in the greater interest of the biographical revelations which the materials before us contain. To read these *Miscellanies* is like reading the private letters of a person whose public career is familiar to us. Here, if we care to trace them, we have abundant indications of the general cast of mind of the author. We see, vaguely perhaps, but unmistakeably, what are the influences to which Mr. Kingsley has most fully yielded himself, and what he has that is more especially original and his own. We are also led more exclusively to criticise the form and examine the sources of Mr. Kingsley's opinions, and not to dwell on the

opinions themselves, because, in all his main lines of thought, he seems to us substantially right. We should have to do nothing more than record our assent if we were to speak of his zealous advocacy of sanitary reform, of his love of out-of-door life, of his claim of liberty on behalf of the clergy, and of his conviction that religion cannot be brought down to the level of mere common sense. But in these *Miscellanies* there lies hid an autobiography of the author; and, although our limits will not permit us to draw it out in full, we may venture to give at least an outline of the personal history which Mr. Kingsley has placed before us.

It is evident that the two thinkers and writers from whom Mr. Kingsley has borrowed most are Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Maurice. He stands as an interpreter between them and the popular mind. From Mr. Carlyle he has accepted the doctrine of the Gospel of Industry and the love of Old Testament morality. It is curious that a mind so active as Mr. Kingsley's should have accepted them so precisely in the form in which they were presented to him. What the Gospel of Industry means is well known to all readers of Mr. Carlyle. Industry existed long before its Gospel. The ploughing, the weaving, the oak-felling, the canal and railway-making, of which Mr. Carlyle celebrates the glories, had gone on in a prosaic way for centuries. But the notion of industry, and especially of English industry, assumed to Mr. Carlyle's mind a poetical shape, as any phase of protracted extensive force may easily assume to a mind gifted with imagination. He was filled with a poetical conception of a series of familiar prosaic facts. It so happened that his early studies made him acquainted with the legends, the manners, and the traditions of Scandinavia. Mounting up the ascent of the history of English industry, he came to the point at which the history of Scandinavia intersected it. He combined his observation of prosaic facts with his collection of poetical materials. The Northmen were the heroes in whom he delighted, and he made them the heroes of his poem of industry. Under the name of Jarls and Vikings, he typified the originating powers of English prosperity. He combined the notion of conquerors in war with that of conquerors or tillers of the earth's surface. His Jarls and Vikings are not real people, but representative names, or what he calls Captains of Industry. By thus awakening the associations of a remote past, and filling up the background of his picture with the shadowy forms of giants, doubly to be revered because, like the Greek demigods, they were stated to be the progenitors of modern labourers, he gave to the scene of industry a fanciful glow. The effect was, not that industry was in the least altered or increased, but that a certain number of enthusiastic minds, which otherwise might have stood aloof from modern industry as something paltry and earthly, were caught by the charm of the Viking romance, and looked on labour as something essentially poetic. The poetry was sufficiently genuine to produce the effect which all genuine poetry produces, and there can be no doubt that increased consideration and respect for the hard-working masses has been, in an appreciable degree, the result of Mr. Carlyle's writings. Mr. Carlyle is also full of admiration for the Hebrew prophets. Having a strong moral sense, he has always felt and proclaimed the need of some deeper principle than the admiration of force on which he has rested so many of his opinions, and he has found what he wanted in the old feelings and traditions of the Puritan community to which he belongs by birth. But mere Puritan opinion has no attraction for him. What he wants is at once a stay of moral belief and a fund of strong language. To put his opinions into the language of the Hebrew prophets was to him a means at once of fixing his morality and of using his religious aspirations to strengthen his denunciations of his adversaries. If a writer can, without conscious irreverence, vent his opinions as a "Son of Man" to whom the word of the Lord has come, he at once gains dignity and certainty in his own eyes, and annihilates his enemies by identifying himself with the order of Providence. We are not now examining into the truth embodied or parodied in either of the two lines of thought to which we have alluded; but it throws great light on the character and calibre of a second mind when we find it borrowing unhesitatingly what we see to be so personal to the original author. Mr. Kingsley constantly assures us that every prosperous farmer is a Viking, and that whatever happens in accordance with Mr. Kingsley's fancy is God's will; and he states this with such an easy simplicity, that we see not only how congenial Mr. Carlyle's teaching is to him, but how absolutely he is incapable of criticising any set of opinions or forms of expression that once take hold of his imagination.

Mr. Kingsley is, however, at least equally indebted to Mr. Maurice. From Mr. Maurice he has adopted that theory of religious inspiration which is based on the supposition of a direct illumination of each individual believer. It is perhaps unjust to him, to say that he has also adopted from Mr. Maurice a large feeling of tolerance and a hearty desire to do justice to his adversaries. In spite of his enormously strong language, and the indignation into which he lashes himself under the influence of Mr. Carlyle's prophetic teaching, Mr. Kingsley has a fund of kindness and a desire to write honourably which we do not like to characterize as obtained from any one, however much he may have been helped towards them by Mr. Maurice. But he has imbibed from Mr. Maurice, obviously and directly, some peculiar habits of thought. Although one of the most honest men alive, Mr. Maurice always screws everything round to his own point. He makes the most ample allowances and conceals

* *Miscellanies*. By Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversley. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1859.

sions. He tells his adversaries that they are right; that they have hold of a noble truth; that they mean a great deal more than they ever knew they meant. Only it so happens that they are all wrong. Mr. Maurice has a singular belief that, if he compliments his adversaries, he may consider anything he likes proved. He is much helped towards this by the extraordinary vagueness of the bluff and hearty grandiloquence with which he confronts the world. No man is so fond of the pernicious habit of arguing by asking questions. When we hope that we have arrived at his real opinions and at his reasons for his opinions, he turns round and asks us whether he may say or not say certain things that happen to strike him? This is exactly what we want him to tell us. Whether he ought to say one thing or another, and how confidently he ought to say what he does say, is the question which he, and not his readers, ought to determine. Mr. Kingsley imitates him in both respects. He has a great thesis that all things on earth go on in a steady advance from worse to better. He calls this God's law, and speaks of doubting it as of an open profanity. Sometimes he begins to discuss the general bearings of his proposition, and uses much grand language in arguing about it. But he never approaches the difficulties of the subject. He only beats round them, repeating and repeating that God's justice will manifest itself on God's earth. Like Mr. Maurice he seems to cling to grandiloquence and iteration as a means of overwhelming the enemy. The proposition is open to objections which, if not fatal, are at least serious. Long ago it was couched by Pope in the form "whatever is right," and yet the world has not thought the mystery of existence removed by the enunciation. As a matter of fact, the world does not always go on from worse to better; and that any one should say that the New Testament declares the belief in the uninterrupted progress of mankind to be a primary article of faith, is simply marvellous. Mr. Kingsley has, however, persuaded himself, not only that a millennium of clean industry is coming, but that to doubt of its advent is a sin; and he introduces his creed at all hazards, exactly as Mr. Maurice ultimately works round to the article of belief which he has affected to surrender. The disciple even outdoes his master in the art of arguing by interrogations. The facility with which, by this device, half-thoughts or no-thoughts may be made to fill up even more space than could be occupied by definite thoughts, victimizes Mr. Kingsley. There is scarcely any fancy that crosses his mind which he does not think himself justified in recording without inquiring into its worth, provided only that, instead of saying whether it is good for anything or not, he asks the reader what is its value. Perhaps Mr. Kingsley carries the art to the highest point to which it can be carried, in a passage in which, after much mighty fine writing about mermaids, and after asking, Can it be true that there are no rational denizens of the ocean? he ends by gravely saying, "Perhaps sailors may know best whether mermaids exist or not."

Mr. Kingsley has, however, much that is indisputably his own. No one can doubt that he has good animal spirits, really loves sports, has a great knowledge of some kinds of sporting, is observant of natural phenomena, and has an appreciation of at least the picturesque side of science. The essays in this collection called *Chalk Stream Studies* and *My Winter Garden* abundantly prove that his love of bodily exercise, of the country, and of feats of sporting skill, is really genuine. If he had not been a clergyman, nor a disciple of Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Maurice, he might have written excellent sporting books, after the fashion of Mr. Scrope and Mr. St. John. The impulsiveness which is the chief characteristic of his mind is exactly the kind of impulsiveness which makes a man delight in athletic exercises, in communion with animals, in exploring new country, and in combating a certain amount of physical difficulties. Then whatever qualities are necessary for word-painting are certainly possessed by Mr. Kingsley. He is very alive to impressions of colour, and of grandeur or eccentricity of shape. He makes his descriptions breathe the spirit of wonder at the multifariousness of nature. He has an endless flow of grand words. We think that the art of word-painting is not only a small thing, but that it is the worst of modern literary inventions, and, in spite of its affectation of poetry, essentially unpoetical; but as it is in fashion, no one can deny that Mr. Kingsley excels in it. Then, Mr. Kingsley is a clergyman, and a very excellent hard-working clergyman, and this tells on his books. They gain from it a connexion with real life, and a living force which is most advantageous to books written at such high pressure. Mr. Kingsley seems perpetually kept straight by reflecting that it is his duty to consider what common people can practically do. A mind hasty, impulsive, and enthusiastic, bound by clerical duties and by sporting tastes to reality, but overpowered by a superfluity of fine words and by habitual vagueness of thought, and with many of his fundamental theories and modes of thinking not original, but borrowed in the block from one or two favourite teachers, appears to us the mind that shines through these *Miscellanies*. It is natural that a prominent feature of such a mind should be its consciousness. Mr. Kingsley never surmounts his astonishment at the curious fact that any man, and more particularly that he himself, should combine the literary genius, the philosophical parson, and the knowing sportsman. He likes it to be understood that it is entirely the same thing to him whether he is asked to draw a heroine, or explain the scheme of Providence, or throw a fly. No one can doubt that this combination of powers is a very rare one, and that few people could possess it and not be

vain of it. But we cannot avoid seeing that this consciousness is intimately connected with the fact that a vast portion of the author's thought is not original. He has time to think of himself and his gifts, because he saves himself, by borrowing, from going into the depths of the subjects on which he writes. Even where his matter is new and his own experience furnishes the subject, his manner of handling what he has to say is primarily derived from his masters in thought. He poetizes athletic exercise after the fashion in which Mr. Carlyle poetizes industry, and, as it were, turns on the great Viking and Jarl stream to work a new mill. So, too, he gives his subject a theological twist after the fashion of Mr. Maurice, and is not satisfied until he has invested his sporting with a sacramental and typical character. If his opinions were more thoroughly homespun, he would not apply them in this wholesale way. He thinks it necessary, for the honour of these opinions, that he should show how they can come in everywhere. He is like a Spaniard, who is ready to fight for the Immaculate Conception, and not like a schoolman, to whom the subtlety decided by the doctrine was a real difficulty. And it is partly as a cause, partly as a consequence, of the readiness to adopt in a mass certain primary articles of belief, that Mr. Kingsley seems almost without a notion of the value and necessity of evidence. One of these *Miscellanies*, for instance, consists of a review of Mr. Froude's *History*, and throughout it Mr. Kingsley never hesitates to adopt every statement that he found in Mr. Froude. He liked Mr. Froude's book, and agreed in its main drift, and therefore easily persuaded himself that he was entirely relieved from the necessity for inquiring into the evidence for every material statement.

We might pursue these remarks further; but we have perhaps said enough to convey the general impression of the author which these *Miscellanies* are, we think, calculated to produce; and although the code of criticism necessarily permits that remarks on a popular author should pass from a notice of books to a notice of the mind that creates them, yet personal remarks on living men should be as limited as possible. And after all analysis of character, or of the type of a mind, there remains something—and frequently the most important element—which we are obliged to omit. That Mr. Kingsley, under the influence of a natural impulsiveness, has applied at second-hand a few leading thoughts to the field of his own special enjoyment and observation, is a remark that appears to us warranted by these *Miscellanies*, and calculated to furnish a key to much that he has written elsewhere. But it goes a very short way towards an exhaustive statement of the general nature and value of his works. All good things defy analysis, and Mr. Kingsley's books are good things. There shines in them the manifest presence of a manly spirit, a sound, honest heart, and a large and generous mind. Whatever may be their imperfections, these *Miscellanies* are impressed with the stamp of high feeling and generous purpose, and the more they are studied and liked the better will it be for this generation.

JAMES'S NAVAL HISTORY.*

WE have already explained how the Americans contrived in the year 1812 to capture three British frigates by the employment against them of vessels whose superiority was not understood until it had been thus practically demonstrated. It is quite true that British officers had had opportunities before the war of visiting these formidable frigates, and might, if they had used their eyes, have warned the Government of the danger that was to be apprehended from them. But if any representations were made upon this subject to the Admiralty, it is quite consistent with all we know of the proceedings of that dilatory body to suppose that they were disregarded until after the mischief had been done. When the Americans are charged with calling a vessel mounting 56 guns "a 44-gun frigate," they may answer with truth that the very same deceptive practice had long prevailed in the navy to which they were opposed. But the difference between the rated and the real force of almost all ships of war arose in the British navy from adhering to the old system of classification after the number of guns had been increased by mounting carronades upon the poop. The Admiralty understood its own methods, and was entirely innocent of any intention to deceive the world into the belief that its victorious fleets and single ships were not so powerful as they really were. But the Americans, on the first creation of their navy, deliberately adopted the same system for the sake of the opportunities it afforded of magnifying their own prowess. It was not until the war was nearly over that they possessed any line-of-battle ships, and some of their earliest productions evinced far less skill than had been shown in designing their heavy frigates. But the launching of a "74-gun ship" which could carry with ease 102 guns, eclipsed all their former exploits in deceptive ship-building. If this ship had ever fought with a British man-of-war of the same nominal rate, which would have mounted 84, or perhaps 86 guns, the American commanding officer, Government, newspapers, and historians would all have persevered in asserting to the end of time that the two ships were of equal force.

In proof of the boastful character we have ascribed to the

* *The Naval History of Great Britain, from the Declaration of War by France in 1793 to the Accession of George IV.* By William James. A New Edition, with Additions and Notes. In 6 vols. Vol. VI. London: Bentley. 1859.

American records of the war, we proceed to give a few amusing instances. The United States frigate *Essex* discovered "a British frigate" standing towards her, and prepared for action; but the enemy disappeared during the night, to the great mortification, says the historian, of the American officers and crew. "They thought it not unlikely that this vessel was the *Acasta* of fifty guns." It happened that the *Acasta* was then distant nine degrees of latitude, and the vessel which disappointed the valourous captain of the *Essex*, whose ship mounted forty guns, was the eighteen-gun sloop *Rattler*. One of the greatest American naval heroes—at least according to his own despatches—was Commodore Rodgers, who made a cruise in the heavy frigate *President* as far as the North Cape. He was driven from this advantageous station by, in the language of his official letter, "a line-of-battle ship and a frigate," but, in the language of truth, by a small frigate and a sloop. Throughout the war, whatever the American gentlemen of the sword said, the gentlemen of the pen swore to, and therefore it is natural to find the author of the *Naval Monument* talking of the "two line-of-battle ships" from which the *President* escaped. It happened that there were on board that ship some British prisoners who knew quite well the size and force of the chasing vessels, which indeed were obvious to every seaman. Later in the war this same *President* was permitted to enter New York without interruption from "a decidedly superior force," whose attack she awaited for some eight hours. The same author informs us that "it was afterwards ascertained that the ship which declined the battle with the *President* was the *Plantagenet* of 74 guns." We may add, that "it was afterwards ascertained," by the indefatigable Mr. James, that the *Plantagenet* on the day named was off Barbadoes; and the "decidedly superior force" was the frigate *Loire*, which, being of the same class as those captured in 1812, acted under orders from the Admiralty not to seek an engagement with one of those powerful ships, whose character was now fully understood. It is satisfactory to add that the *President* did at last meet with "a decidedly superior force," which captured and carried her to Portsmouth, and thus enabled the European world to convince itself that the triumphs of her class-mates were due to their overwhelming superiority in size and strength.

But American ingenuity had by no means exhausted itself upon these frigates. Another series of successes were achieved by the employment of a few very fine and fast sloops, well armed, strongly built, and fully manned with the choicest seamen that could be procured. The British navy was afflicted at this time with a class of "18 gun brig-sloops," out of which their acute opponents discerned that glory was to be got upon easy terms. We have seen that the Americans sometimes mistook frigates for line-of-battle ships, and in hazy weather they might by chance have fallen into the far more serious error of mistaking a frigate for a ship-sloop. But the two-masted brig-sloop must necessarily be either itself or a smaller vessel, and accordingly the appearance of one of these wretched brigs never failed to inspire the captain and crew of an American sloop with a comfortable confidence in their own prowess. Even at this distance of time one cannot think without indignation of the wasteful folly which sacrificed the lives and honour of brave men by commissioning these miserable shells. Mr. James says of one of them, the *Penguin*, that "she had been run up by the contract-builder in the usual slight and hurried manner to be ready on the emergency"—there being then, as he adds ironically, "no more than eighty-one such vessels in commission." It might be thought that the Admiralty was chiefly anxious to supply the enemy with abundant victims. On no other supposition does it appear possible to account for their covering the seas with these helpless, useless brigs. After the first broadside the fastenings of the guns usually gave way, and the guns tumbled about the deck, killing or maiming the unhappy crew. The bulwarks, too, were merely planks, pervious to every grapeshot, while the Americans were sheltered by stout oak timbers. And besides, a brig, having only two masts, would, even if of equal strength, be much more readily disabled for manœuvring than a ship, which has three masts. When we add that the British crews were always numerically small, and in some instances of notoriously inferior quality, it will be understood how the American sloops entered upon their actions with these brigs with a cheerful audacity that was repeatedly justified by the event.

The first in order of date of the engagements whose general character we have above described, was that between the *Frolic* and *Wasp*, in 1812. The *Frolic* had been five years in the West Indies, and was very sickly in her crew; and on the night before the action a violent gale of wind had greatly damaged her in spars and sails. While she was repairing these damages the *Wasp*, five days only from the Delaware, hove in sight. Being in a very light state from the deficiency of stores, and being unable from the effects of the gale to steady herself by carrying sail, the *Frolic*, in the action which ensued, laboured much more than the *Wasp*, and consequently experienced greater difficulty in pointing her guns with precision. Her enemy was thus able to inflict upon her injuries which, added to those suffered in the gale, soon rendered her unmanageable, and exposed her to be raked by successive broadsides while she could only answer with a single gun. The *Frolic*, it will be remembered, was a brig, and the *Wasp* a ship. Perhaps it was the successful result of this action which awakened the Americans to the advantage possessed by three masts over two, and made them afterwards so

energetic in their attacks upon British brigs. In point of size and force these two vessels were almost exactly equal, for it was not until afterwards that the Americans sent to sea the fine and powerful sloops which they built as rapidly as possible, in order to profit by the opportunity of assailing vessels of the *Frolic's* class. That brig had on board ninety-two sickly men, and the *Wasp* a hundred and thirty-five as fine sailors as could be procured. It is only necessary to add that the Congress of the United States treated the *Wasp's* exploit as "a victory over a superior force."

The next of these actions was that between the *Peacock* and *Hornet*, fought early in 1813. Here the British brig was weaker, and the American ship stronger, than in the previous case. Not only was the *Peacock* conquered, but she sank directly after she had surrendered. It is quite true that the Americans were skilful and the British deficient in their gunnery; but it is also the fact that the *Peacock* was a mere shell, and her guns, from the vile quality of their fittings, became useless after the first discharge. We cannot enough pity the brave men who, by the miserable folly of the British Admiralty, were placed at such a cruel disadvantage. A few months later occurred the action between the *Boxer* and *Enterprise*—both brigs—in which we have to remark that the Americans again excelled the British in their gunnery, and also that their victory is not to be ascribed to that cause alone. In guns the American brig had a slight superiority, and her crew was just double that of the British. She was also a larger vessel, and therefore carried and fought her guns more easily; and "while her bulwarks were built of oak, those of the *Boxer* consisted, with the exception of one timber between each port, of an outer and an inner plank, pervious to every grape-shot that was fired." We could wish that the authorities who sent this coffin to cruise as a man-of-war had been on board during her engagement with the *Enterprise*. She was called by her vapouring captors "the fine brig-of-war *Boxer*;" but they were far too good judges to give her a place in their own navy. Another action between brigs was fought about the same time in St. George's Channel, and here the British *Pelican* was superior in size and force to the American *Argus*, and had a crew of genuine well-trained seamen. Accordingly, the *Argus* was captured in good style, and with a slight loss.

Early in 1814 the Americans sent three of their fine new ship-sloops to sea. One of these, the *Peacock*, captured the British brig-sloop *Epervier*, another of that unlucky class of which the Admiralty had at one time eighty-one specimens, and wanted to build more. It must be owned that, had the war gone on, even eighty-one of these puny victims would scarcely have been enough to satiate the hunger of the Americans for naval glory. The unfortunate captain of the *Epervier* knew that he had a disaffected crew, but could not avoid fighting. At the first discharge three of his guns became unshipped from the same defect of which we have before spoken. Soon the whole broadside was disabled in the same way. The brig was too much crippled to be got round so as to present a fresh broadside to the enemy, and the crew, when called upon by the captain, declined to follow him in boarding. No alternative then remained but to strike the colours of the *Epervier*. The captain had reported to the Admiral, at Halifax, that his crew were on the verge of mutiny, but the affair was treated lightly. Employing, as the British navy did, or professed to do, 140,000 seamen, it was inevitable that there should be included in this vast number not a few disaffected and very many inefficient sailors. The right way to oppose the Americans would have been to disarm a large number of weak and ill-constructed vessels, and to man the remainder with full crews of skilful seamen. But this was an enlightened policy far beyond the faculties of the Board of Admiralty. The undue expansion which had been given to the British navy failed to render it more efficient for any duty that could devolve upon it, and laid it open to attacks which, if it had been properly administered, its cautious enemy would have carefully abstained from venturing on. But let us return to the calamities of the unhappy family of brigs. The action between the *Epervier* and *Peacock* lasted one hour, and during the latter half of it the American ship had all the firing to herself. It may be a severe, but we are satisfied it is a just remark, that circumstances such as these are peculiarly favourable to the display of the naval valour of the Americans. We cannot help applying to the combats for which they claim such large credit, the qualification that they were only combats—

Si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas ego vulpo tantum.

The next action that we have to record, was that between the *Reindeer* and *Wasp*—not the *Wasp* which captured the *Frolic* in 1812, but a beautiful new ship, sister to the *Peacock* of which we have just spoken. The *Reindeer* was a sister-brig to the *Epervier*, but she was old and weak, and on this account her armament had been reduced. The British vessel was thus altogether overmatched in force, and she had a crew little more than half as numerous as her antagonist; but they were skilful and loyal seamen, and commanded by a most gallant officer. As the only hope of success against the destructive power of the *Wasp's* broadsides, the captain of the *Reindeer*, when desperately wounded, led his men to board, and was shot dead. More than half the British crew had also fallen, and the remainder were overwhelmed, and the ship carried by the Americans. The same ship *Wasp* afterwards fought another brig, the *Avon*. The same weakness of construction again produced defeat;

but we must admit that it was hastened by the unskilfulness of the *Avon's* crew. The *Wasp* was driven off by the appearance of another British brig, and within two hours the *Avon* sank—a proof that she was utterly unfit to sustain a hard-fought action. In the year 1815 occurred the last of these engagements, in which the *Hornet*, already known to us, captured the brig *Penguin*. We have before mentioned that this vessel had been hastily run up by the contract-builder, there being, as Mr. James says, only eighty-one such vessels in commission; and in this supposed emergency she had taken on board a crew of pressed landmen and discharged ineffectives. Her guns behaved as the guns of her sister brigs had done before, and the principal difference between this and the previous actions lies in the circumstance that it was fought after the American captain had heard that peace had been concluded. We suppose that pounding these wretched shells of brigs was too good fun to be given up merely for the sake of saving a few lives.

In addition to their successes against the class of British brigsloops, the Americans also value themselves highly upon two victories which they gained in engagements between small squadrons upon the lakes which lie between the United States and Canada. We endeavoured in a recent article to expose the extravagance of these pretensions, which have lately been revived in a work on Tactics, by Commander Ward of the United States navy. But there remains another series of triumphs of the Americans in the last war which deserve a passing notice. We allude to the numerous instances in which their cruisers managed, by a combination of skill and luck, to escape out of port, or to escape when chased at sea, or to escape into port, without being compelled to fight with an equal or superior force. The latest and most remarkable example of this kind of success is furnished by the heavy frigate *Constitution*, which was fallen in with near Madeira by two British 22-gun ships. In the hope of so far disabling the enemy as to save two valuable convoys which were near at hand, the two British vessels most gallantly attacked her, and both, as might have been expected, were obliged to strike their colours. Soon after this engagement the *Constitution* and her two prizes were chased by three British frigates which had come in search of her all the way from off Boston, and when the two captured British captains were expecting to be released within an hour, they had the mortification to see their countrymen tack and give up the pursuit. It appears that the senior officer of the chasing squadron took the *Constitution* and her two prizes for the three largest American frigates then afloat, and he deemed it inexpedient to force an engagement with them. Another British captain, who had made out what the enemy really were, considered that etiquette forbade him to telegraph his discovery to his superior officer. So "lucky old Ironsides," who, by capturing successively two British frigates in 1812, had laid the foundation of her country's naval fame, was allowed to escape to Boston. Mr. James calls this performance of three British frigates, which shrank from attacking the single enemy they had so often sought in vain, "the most blundering piece of business recorded in these six volumes;" and we quite agree in the censure which he thus passes upon the excessive caution which in this instance had unaccountably succeeded to the undue rashness so often displayed by British sailors.

The triumphs of this country in the American war were few, because, notwithstanding all the adventurous sallies which were made by single ships, the result of a few months' hostilities practically was that every port in the United States was blockaded by a force which either was, or was deemed to be, superior to the ships that lay within it. The Delaware and Chesapeake bays, and the navigable rivers which fall into them, were traversed almost at pleasure by the light vessels and ships' boats employed by Sir George Cockburn. Only once after the three victories of 1812 did an American frigate of her own choice engage a British frigate in single combat, and that was when the *Chesapeake* accepted the *Shannon's* challenge, and fought with her outside Boston harbour, and almost in sight of the many thousands who were waiting on shore to greet the expected triumph of their flag. The crew of the *Shannon* had been most carefully trained to use their guns, and during a seven years' command the thoughts and time of Captain Broke had been unceasingly devoted to raise the fighting qualities of his ship to the highest point. But it happened that the engagement was not decided by skilful gunnery. In eleven minutes after opening fire the two ships were foul, and Captain Broke observed that the *Chesapeake's* men were retreating from their quarters. He seized the opportunity to board, and in four minutes more the *Chesapeake* was completely his. It is only fair to add, that the early fall of the American captain may have discouraged his crew from rallying to resist the boarders. This action was fought on the 1st of June, 1813, and it occurred most seasonably at a moment when the reverses of the previous year had created great disquietude in this country. The two ships were almost exactly of equal force, and each captain had ample opportunity of preparing for the intended duel. The methods pursued by Captain Broke to render his crew efficient were such as are open to every officer; and if only they are used with steady perseverance, no equal enemy need ever be dreaded by a British man-of-war. But it must be remembered that seven years' labour and many disappointments had preceded Captain Broke's hour of triumph. Those only who have been as patient and strenuous as he was in a duty for which nature has equally well adapted them, possess any right to hope that

some day their obscure and toilsome services may be illuminated by a brilliant victory. To such captains only is it given to inspire in their crew that confidence which dictated the lines—

And, as the war they did provoke,
We'll pay them with our cannon;
The first to do it will be Broke,
In the gallant ship the *Shannon*.

BEACH RAMBLES.*

WHEN Doctor Thomas Burnet wrote his wild romance called a *Sacred Theory of the Earth*, Calcott his Treatise on the Deluge, Woodward and Doctor Plott their notions concerning Fossils, and the host of old Italian writers their speculations about organic bodies entombed in the rocks being due to the fermentation of a *materia pinguis*, or fatty matter in the earth, there is this to be said against the committal of their undigested crudities to type—that they knew next to nothing about the subject; while it may be said in favour of the men, that most of them were thoroughly in earnest, and at that time very few persons had anything better to propound. It was an open subject freshly started, and their ingenious wordiness and often fierce disputatiousness at all events secured it an airing. But, in these days, in geological, mineralogical, and in most other scientific subjects, the excuse of mere ignorance is no longer valid; for the great fundamental laws that guide geological investigation, for instance, are so clearly defined that surely the reading public interested in such matters has a right to hope or expect that an author rushing into print should, at all events, be acquainted with the leading truths so clearly laid down in Lyell's *Principles*, and *Elements*, or even in Page's *Introductory Text-Book*. In this, however, the reading public will frequently be disappointed; and, while sometimes it gets hold of a book which, like the late lamented *Omphalos*, by a vein of subtle Jesuitry may for a while mislead the unwary, at other times it will drop on sundry pretty little milk-and-water productions, which bear the same relation to actual science that, in theology, the *Washerwoman of Finchley Common*, or *Nights of Weeping*, holds to *Butler's Analogy*.

"Oh that mine adversaries had written a book!"—this is a desire in which scientific men are abundantly gratified. Their adversaries are those who write scientific rubbish without the necessary qualifications; and it is one of the nuisances of their lives that they are obliged to run over all sorts of books that are worse than useless, lest there should by chance be something in them that really constitutes a step in advance of their knowledge. The consolation is that in general a trashy book so soon reveals its character, that a few pages suffice to show its false pretensions. The enemy whose book gives a title to this notice is anything but a giant, and is otherwise so harmless that, if the beach-frequenters who read it will remember that in all save the mere method of hunting for pretty stones they must begin the subject anew, and peruse an elementary book or two less vague and excursive in style, and somewhat weightier in matter, they will run a chance of some day knowing something positive about pebbles in general. Not that the title of the book belies its character. It is in fact both suggestive and appropriate; for the reader rambles with the writer from beaches and pebbles to lobster salads, Barclay's stout, thunder-storms, herrings, guano and debased carbon, the momentum of waves, cigers, the separation of the elements, boots, the rotation of the earth, pre-Adamite creatures, man, and death. Here is scope enough—and all in 176 small square pages. This appreciation of things in general is a leading feature of the little book, and the writer, in a small way, has manifold sympathies with nature. He abandons himself to her charms with a genuine relish, and rejoices in the inky thunder-clouds, the tall cliffs, the rattling beach, and the ever-changing sea. It is said of children that the stomach is the seat of the affections. The child is the father of the man; and when our author, prompted by "the oystery smell of the sea," rushes madly to the beach, and kicking a hole in the sand, gets his ankle-jacks wetted far up the laces, we feel that, dearly as he loves the ocean wave, in his mind this love is not unassociated with its gastronomic products, even if his pages did not elsewhere give a touching notice of the return from a hard day's pebble-hunting to tea and crab-pie.

From the Introduction, rather than from the book itself, it is evident that it has been written to supply the want of a popular work on the subject of our pebbles as a branch of mineralogy, by grouping and methodizing scattered facts; and in the concluding chapters sundry points in natural philosophy are handled, embracing matter in one sense very original indeed. Accordingly, the author touches slightly on the origin of beaches, and gives many notices of their rarer contents, in the shape of pebbles valuable to collectors; and by attending to his rules, when you are to walk on a dry and when on a wet beach, when you may most advantageously walk with your back to, and when from, the sun, many ladies and a few gentlemen will find some useful hints that may enable them at watering-places more advantageously to kill time in pebble hunting. Thus, also, by practice, an individual will run less chance of actually purchasing a cheap Oberstein agate (imported by sea-side lapidaries

* *Beach Rambles in Search of Sea-side Pebbles and Crystals; with Observations on the Origin of the Diamond and other Precious Stones.* By J. G. Francis. London: Routledge. 1859.

by the gross) tendered to him, or oftener to her, as the very stone now cut and polished which was left with the lapidary a week before. There is another secret which we fear we must also let out, lest some one else should do it before us. When winter comes, and the stormy winds have blown the last of the summer visitors inland, there may be seen sundry members of the watering-place lapidary fraternity emptying great baskets-full of vulgar pebbles on the beach, not as Mr. Francis pitches his less valuable chalcedonies into the sea for "a fresh impregnation," but in fact simply to get rid of the rubbish gathered from the beach and consigned to them by ladies to be cut, and for which (for nominally the price of cutting and polishing) they in due time generally receive a doctored Oberstein agate in return.

Quite apart from the subject of pretty stones, a very good treatise might be written on beaches—their origin, their physical relations to the forms of coasts, their movements influenced by winds and waves, the protection they naturally, or by art, afford to cliffs from the beating of the breakers, their mixed composition, dependent partly on adjacent rocky cliffs, partly on older gravels that cover the adjoining land, and often on far distant rocks from the bases of which they have been driven by the waves breaking aslant the coast—this preponderating slant being itself dependent on the most prevalent direction of the wind. Far more, however, is known of the subject than beach rambblers are generally aware of; for a good mineralogist will readily name all the minerals that lie in any beach, and any accomplished geologist could give a good account of the original modes of formation of the parent rocks, and also of the travelled history of the stones on most beaches. But the matter seems so trite that, unless he had something new to hang upon the theme, no geologist or mineralogist would care to handle the subject. Nevertheless, if a man were so minded, he might write an elaborate treatise on the nature and origin of each and all of the parent formations from whence the pebbles were derived, after the manner, of late, so admirably done in Geikie's *Story of a Boulder*, though, as a rule, with the material afforded by many British beaches, he might just as well write a systematic handbook of geology and mineralogy at once. The author of *Beach Rambles*, however, makes no pretension of this kind; and, indeed, his avowed idea of "a good beach" is one that contains stones of value to Leech's pretty mermaids, as set forth in *Punch's Almanac*, and to other collectors at Ventnor, Brighton, Torquay, Tenby, or Aberystwyth. With common flints, limestones, greenstones, basalts, granites, and porphyries these people have nothing to do, unless, indeed, they wish clearly to understand the true nature of the beaches where their agates and jaspers, choanites and ventriculites are found, in which case they will have to go very far beyond the lore of the *Rambles*.

It is curious to observe with what pleasant complacency hazy scientific notions are mixed in this little book like the ingredients of a well-beloved lobster salad. The author seems to be playing at science, and the sham science that pervades the pages scarcely provokes any criticism beyond an internal smile. "The bottom of the sea itself is no beach at all." This is true; and no one ever calls it so. "Wonderful things there must be there, but I do not think many pebbles." Then has Darwin written in vain in his description of the pebbly sea-bottom off the east coast of South America; and west of the Cordillera, the gravelly deposits, hundreds of feet above the sea, full of marine non-littoral sea-shells of existing species, were never sea-bottoms. And how have geologists been wasting time and ink in showing that all the gravelly drifts that cover the northern Continents are sea-bottoms of an old Arctic sea, strictly comparable to that of the present day! What, too, becomes of the conglomerates of well-rounded pebbles here and there in rocks of all ages? Were they not, as geologists opine, for the most part sea-bottom pebbles (perhaps originally rounded on old beaches) for the relics of a genuine beach in any ancient formation is one of the rarest of geological phenomena. Again, "to form and perfect the finer crystals, extremes of heat and cold appear to be necessary; whereas our climate has, perhaps, always been temperate." Unhappy geologists who have written on ancient British ice! They were thus all mistaken when they described the glaciers of the Highlands and of Wales, the ice-bound seas, and the mighty bergs that, floating south, scattered boulders and glacial rubbish all across our land, when what is now Britain, and all the northern continents, were more than half submerged. Elsewhere an echinus is described as having "a leathery shell or husk;" and we hope it is in a metaphorical sense that a trilobite, "once shell or cartilage," is described as being "now something between limestone and cast-iron." Very feeble in observation, too, must those persons be who require the special chapter as to whether "these fossils" (echini, ventriculites, &c.) are of vegetable or animal origin. Modern children will find the answer probably in a *Pinnock's Catechism*.

Will any one vouch that our dear old friend Mrs. Nickleby had no hand in the following paragraph on chalk flints:—"I remember many years since being greatly perplexed with the discovery (as I then thought it) that in certain parts of the Isle of Wight, and along the Dorsetshire coast, the rows of dark flints imbedded in the upper chalk of the cliff ranges were all broken small. * * * Often and often I turned this fact over in my mind, and sought some apparent way to account for it. But I think I now see one way to account for it; and which may perhaps be judged worthy of acceptance until a better solution is hit upon. In Dr. Hook's experiment with that once common household implement, the 'flint and steel,' he found that the

sparks which 'fly' upon collision taking place are minute spherules of metal. And further, that this metal was now not steel any longer, but iron; the fragments struck off having lost their polarity in the moment of contact with the flint. This experiment shows that silex possesses some remarkable affinity for the magnetic fluid, since in this case it had robbed the steel of it, for those spherules would not answer to the magnet." And here follows the delightful conclusion. "May not, therefore, the rows of flints in the cliffs have attracted the lightning in severe thunderstorms, and been shivered by the blow?" We are not sure if this is surpassed even by anything in the chapter headed "Geology lies at the bottom of earthly things;" not even, indeed, in the famous remarks about oxygen, in which it is truly stated that "oxygen is a gas universally diffused, for without a large supply of it human beings, and all the mammals, birds, and reptiles, would die." In the explanatory notice of world-making, this gas, with others, forming "the gaseous atmosphere was eliminated by an act of creation from the torpid mass, for it does not, as before stated, 'look like a substance made independent of all the others at the first,' but was as much a part of the 'chaotic earth as clay or granite.'" Granite, then, is part of the original chaotic earth still remaining, in spite of its crystalline constituents all so systematically arranged; or, if not, what is it? But oxygen fares even more badly near the end of this chapter, where it is treated with a special note of admiration on the discovery that the "moss" inside a pebble "is a metal proper tinged by oxidation." [N.B. Here is oxygen inside a pebble!] Yea, verily, and all round and throughout the pebble, for if our discoverer will turn up the first manual of mineralogy he can lay his hands on, he will discover that the very silica of which the moss agate is made is (oh wonderful!) an oxide of silicon or silicium.

We conclude by commending the book to those who want to know that a great many pretty stones lie on many sea shores, with, however, this additional remark, that any misty-minded persons, anxious to clear their mental vision a little with regard to what science knows of stones in general, will probably rise from the queer science of the work far hazier than before.

A HINDOO MATHEMATICIAN.*

INSIGHT into the workings of the Hindoo mind is the one thing which is most important and least accessible to the English governors of India. Almost all speculations as to the possible development of native civilization are utterly crude and baseless—mere reflections, for the most part, of the aspirations of this or that class among ourselves, without the slightest substratum of actual fact. Ramchundra's *Mathematical Treatise* is therefore doubly interesting—both in itself, as a specimen of Hindoo intellect actually at work, and as the occasion for a thoughtful essay by Professor De Morgan on the condition and tendency of the almost stagnant mind of India.

Ramchundra, it seems, was the son of a native *employé* of the Indian Government. He studied for several years in the Government school at Delhi, obtained a scholarship, and after spending some years in other occupations, was appointed, in 1844, Teacher of European Science. Unlike most of the native students who have been trained in the learning of Europe, Ramchundra possessed a large share of innate energy and enthusiasm. He and a few other students started a cheap bi-monthly magazine with the formidable title "Faivadaunazireen"—which, being translated, signifies "Useful to the Reader." The staple of the publication consisted of English science, varied by attacks on the Mohamedan and Indian superstitions. Ramchundra was of course suspected of Christianity, but his own account of his creed at this time represents it as a kind of undogmatic Deism. It is impossible to guess how far a native who had been subjected to more than the usual amount of English influence can be regarded in religious matters as a type of his countrymen; but Ramchundra's narrative of his impressions, during the deistical period of his faith, may furnish useful hints to those who have to grapple with the misbeliefs of India. It has been said that the most marked effect of English training on the natives of India has been to explode the old superstitions without much aiding the work of Christian missionaries; and Ramchundra's confessions throw some light on the working of our Government system of education.

Very unfortunately, Professor De Morgan thought it necessary, on account of the connexion of this publication with the Board of Directors, to suppress much of Ramchundra's history of his religious speculations, lest he should "originate a discussion on a most difficult question of Indian policy." Few difficult questions are solved without discussion, and in the actual case, the publication of authentic facts is just what is wanted, not to originate a discussion—for the discussion has been going on with more zeal than knowledge ever since the mutiny—but to dispense crude fancies by rational deductions from experience. It is to be hoped that, if a second edition should be issued, the embargo laid on the most interesting part of Ramchundra's autobiography will be removed. What we are allowed to know is, that Ramchundra thought the missionaries as ignorant and

* *A Treatise on Problems of Maxima and Minima, solved by Algebra.* By Ramchundra. Reprinted by order of the Court of Directors of the East India Company, under the superintendence of A. De Morgan, Professor of Mathematics in University College, London. London: Allen and Co.

superstitious as his own uneducated friends, and was convinced that educated Englishmen believed in no religion but Deism, based on reason and conscience. He seems to have regarded the preachers with no aversion, but he rather avoided conversation with them, and put the books they gave him into a corner without reading them. One incident of this part of his career is very significant. He was attacked by a learned Mohamedan argument against Christianity in general, and St. Paul in particular, which he met by declaring that he thought Christianity, Mohammedanism, and all other book religions equally absurd; whereupon all the Hindoos and Mohamedans present voted him a philosopher, and left him with expressions of their approbation.

Ramchundra's contempt for Christianity was founded, according to his own statement, on two opinions—one, that the English could not be believers in a religion which the Government did not exert itself to teach; the other, that philosophical deism was the only rational creed. The first of these impressions was removed by the spectacle of some well-informed English gentlemen devoutly engaged in worship—the second by a perusal of the New Testament. After long study, Ramchundra at last avowed himself a Christian, and had a narrow escape in consequence from the hands of the Delhi mutineers. This is the meagre outline of a narrative which, if given at length, would probably have thrown much light on the feelings of one class at least of the natives of India.

The mathematical work which has now been reprinted in England was first published by Ramchundra in the year 1850; and, mainly through the advocacy of Professor De Morgan, the author was encouraged by honours and rewards from the Board of Directors. The work is a great curiosity in its way. It is original and inventive, which is more perhaps than can be said for any other modern essay of Hindoo mathematicians. It consists of a method of solving certain maxima and minima problems, illustrated by a vast number of examples. The nature of the problem and the mode of solution will be most easily made intelligible by extracting a specimen. We will take the first problem in the book. To divide a number (a) into two parts so that their product may be the greatest possible. Let x and $a-x$ be the parts and r their product, so that $r = ax - x^2$. The solution of this equation gives—

$$x = \frac{a}{2} \pm \sqrt{\frac{a^2}{4} - r}$$

and as any value of r greater than $\frac{a^2}{4}$ would make x impossible the maximum value of r must be $\frac{a^2}{4}$, whence it follows that

$x = \frac{a}{2}$, or that an equal division will give the maximum product.

Up to this point Ramchundra does not claim to be the inventor of a new process. He refers to Lund's *Algebra* as the source of his inspiration, where most algebra students will remember to have seen similar problems solved by this method, which consists merely in making the two roots of the quadratic equation equal.

Ramchundra's invention consists in the application of the same idea to problems which bring out cubic equations, and others even of the fourth, fifth, and sixth degree. The principle throughout is the same, and depends on the general proposition that if y is the maximum value of a function $\phi(x)$, the equation $\phi(x) = y$, when solved with respect to x , will have a pair of equal roots. By the aid of this general proposition Ramchundra solves the problem which he set himself—namely, to discover maxima and minima values without the aid of the differential calculus.

Professor De Morgan, in his enthusiasm for his Hindoo protégé, thinks that the problem ought to go by the name of Ramchundra's problem, because it has never, he says, been current as an exercise of ingenuity in Europe. This is so far true that we believe few text books give any examples of the method, except the comparatively easy ones which lead only to quadratic equations. It has not been customary, even as a feat of mental gymnastics, to impose the condition that the differential calculus shall not be used in solving maxima and minima problems. But though Ramchundra's practice is novel, his principle was perfectly familiar here; and his merit consists not, as Professor De Morgan would almost persuade us, in having invented a new method, but in having caught the real meaning of the process employed in the English books which he studied, and extended it to a new and more difficult class of examples. The significant fact on which Professor De Morgan chiefly dwells is, that a Hindoo mathematician should deliberately set himself down to work out a problem under self-imposed conditions. Ramchundra knew that all his results might be obtained with the utmost ease by the methods of the differential calculus; but he laid down a law for himself that only algebraical processes should be used, and after pondering the subject at intervals, as he tells us, for three years, he devised his general mode of treatment founded on the principle of equal roots.

The theory which Ramchundra's mental exercises have suggested to Professor De Morgan is certainly interesting, and perhaps to some extent true. He says that these conditioned problems are the training by which the mathematical power of a nation is invariably developed. Illustrations are not wanting. India was once famous for algebraical science, though always weak in geometry. But for centuries Hindoo philosophers have

contented themselves with recording the results of ancient investigations, very often without comprehending the methods employed, and sometimes after having lost all trace of the reasoning by which their theorems had been worked out. If we should suppose the Greeks to have preserved only the enunciations of Euclid's propositions, without being able to recover the proofs, we should have something like a parallel to modern Hindoo science. Ramchundra is therefore remarkable as having vigorously employed himself in solving problems on his own account; but this is neither the whole nor the principal ground of Professor De Morgan's admiration. In his view the importance of the work does not consist in the mere activity of mind which it displays, but in the circumstance that Ramchundra set himself the unnecessary task of solving, by a restricted and difficult method, problems which he might easily have worked out by other means.

It is unquestionably true that Euclid did precisely the same thing in geometry. He tied himself down to the smallest possible collection of postulates, and made his own task infinitely harder than it would have been if he had allowed himself to start from a wider basis. But we are not quite prepared to admit Professor De Morgan's theory that this habit of striving against self-imposed difficulties is a necessary condition of national progress in science. It is certainly a symptom of energy which must always augur well, but it would perhaps be more correct to describe it as the consequence than the cause of scientific vigor. To work out a problem under conditions imposed for the sole purpose of making the task more arduous, is like dancing a hornpipe in fetters, or performing any other gymnastic feat; and it would be an exact parallel to the ingenious theory of Ramchundra's editor, to say that no nation could develop its physical powers without regular gymnastic exercises. Where the nature of a country or the habits of a people call for very little bodily exertion, gymnastics may be absolutely essential for muscular development. But a race of mountaineers and hunters would probably acquire at least as much power by employing their activity for the purpose of gaining their livelihood, as if they spent their energies in turning somersaults, or vaulting over artificial barriers. It must be the same with the training of the mind, and we should be quite as hopeful of a nation which grappled with the inevitable difficulties of new problems, as if it amused itself with performing feats like Ramchundra's, the whole wonder of which is derived from artificial difficulties. If Professor De Morgan means no more than this—that the exuberant force of a progressive people is very likely to spend itself in part upon artificial tasks, and that exercises of this kind are wholesome and invigorating—no one can take exception to his doctrine; but vigour shown in this way is surely no better than the same vigour employed on tasks which are useful as well as difficult. It is surely strange philosophy to measure the strength of a nation, not by the greatness, but by the inutilty of the efforts which it makes. In questioning Professor De Morgan's theory, we are not at all disparaging Ramchundra, or undervaluing the indication which his book affords of a revival of scientific thought among his countrymen. The only difference between us and Professor De Morgan is that we should have thought quite as highly of Ramchundra's performance if there had been no easier way of solving the problem proposed, while Professor De Morgan makes the chief merit to consist in the fact that there was a shorter road to the result, if the author had chosen to follow it.

The work curiously illustrates a peculiarity of the Hindoo mind. Indian thought, before it fell to sleep, took the direction of algebra as naturally as the Greek mind turned to geometry. Ramchundra is only a partial exception to this tendency of his countrymen. Though he shows more geometrical skill than was to be expected from a native of India, his editor has called attention to one or two blunders in geometry which show that the bent of Ramchundra's mind was not in this direction. A much more striking evidence of the same fact is afforded by the general scope of the work. The author spent years in perfecting his solution of maxima and minima problems by the method of equal roots. If he had ever regarded the difficulty from a geometrical point of view, he would perhaps have mastered it in an hour. If a circle or any other curve be traced on paper, and a horizontal line made to intersect it, it will be seen at once that if the line move parallel to itself two of its points of intersection with the curve will coincide when a point of maximum elevation of the curve is reached. This is the geometrical equivalent of Ramchundra's method; and the internal evidence of the book shows that it never occurred to the author to approach the problem from this side, and that he encumbered himself with additional difficulties from his natural bias in favour of algebraical reasoning.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Marquis de St. Aulaire has rendered a real service to the literature and to the history of the eighteenth century by the publication of two octavo volumes of unedited correspondence* of Madame du Deffand, the Sevigné of her time. The correspondence between her and Walpole, which Miss Berry published

* *Correspondance Inédite de Madame Du Deffand. Précédée d'une Notice par le Marquis de St. Aulaire. 2 vols. Paris: Michel Lévy, London: Williams and Norgate. 1859.*

in this country in 1810, got sadly mutilated and doctored in the hands of the censorship in subsequent Paris editions, and the Comte d'Estournel had conceived the design of giving a new and accurate edition of the Walpole letters, together with those now laid before the public. What impeded the execution of his purpose we are not informed. We only know that modesty prevented the Marquis de St. Aulaire from attempting more than the publication of these two volumes of unedited correspondence between Madame Du Deffand, the Abbé Barthélemy, and Madame Choiseul, which was confided by the latter in 1793 (eight years after the death of her friend and relative) to the Cardinal de Beausset. We do not mean to cast even the shadow of a doubt on the authenticity of these letters, but we confess it would have been more satisfactory if the Marquis de St. Aulaire had informed us how the manuscripts came into his possession. A majority of the letters are from the pen of the Abbé and the Duchesse de Choiseul. But these are by no means inferior to those of their friend, matchless as was her style—the best prose (says Sainte-Beuve, if we remember right) next to Voltaire's which the eighteenth century has produced. The Abbé's letters would be equal to Voltaire's if a trace of effort did not at times mar their brilliancy. Throughout the volumes, however, we meet with perfect gems of criticism, and flashes of wit, which make them delightful reading. Mr. John Stuart Mill affirms that no French work (with the exception of Montaigne and Pascal) has ever become popular in England, or is ever likely to be. This is a hard saying. We have no doubt, for our part, that if a London publisher were to take in hand the scheme proposed by the Comte d'Estournel, and to give a complete edition of the Du Deffand correspondence, with a kind of running commentary attached, it would be a very profitable speculation.

It is with very different feelings that we lay down the two volumes of *Souvenirs and Correspondence of Madame Récamier*,* which have been brought so imprudently before the world. If the reputation of that illustrious dame would not admit of being served *au naturel*, it should not have been served at all. The dish which her adopted daughter, Madame Charles Lenormant, has cooked with such elaborate care, has so completely disguised the character of the principal ingredient that it is sure to invite criticism as to the art—or we should rather say the artifice—by which it has been prepared. There were two courses open to the writer of a Memoir on Madame Récamier. Her frailties should either have been admitted or confuted. The editor of these volumes has adopted neither of them. Madame Récamier's virtue is throughout taken for granted, and a visible effort is everywhere betrayed to suit the facts to the theory. For that it is anything more than a theory few will have the simplicity to doubt. Perhaps we shall be thought to put the matter rather broadly, but it is due to ourselves to state that our scepticism is chiefly inspired by the damning zeal of her biographer and advocate. A virtue that is *sans peur et sans reproche* does not need the puling, apologetic tone into which the writer of these volumes is perpetually falling. In one passage the editor speaks somewhat sneeringly of the late Duke of Wellington, and quotes a note of his to Madame Récamier, in which he thanks her for a "pamphlet" of Madame de Staël. This "pamphlet," the editor says, can mean nothing else but the *Allemagne*. Now, we admit that the Duke's French (if correctly given) is not very creditable; but how he should have called a work in three volumes a pamphlet, passes all understanding. We venture to suggest that the expression referred to a short appeal published that year by the author of the *Allemagne* on behalf of the abolition of the Slave Trade. In spite of the laboured style, which bears the impress of the uphill work the writer had to perform, these volumes are in a fashion amusing, so varied and numerous are the illustrious votaries who kept buzzing about "les épaules" of Madame Récamier. From Prince Lucien downwards (or upwards, as the reader pleases) many are the victims with whom Madame Récamier platonized. We are explicitly informed that M. Récamier fared, to say the least of it, no better than the rest.

When M. Marcou† set to work to write a volume of five hundred pages on the life and works of Pellisson, the fast friend of Fouquet, and the loose historian of the Academy, did it never occur to him that his readers might not have a courage commensurate with his own? Life is short, and we think, if he had halved his matter, he would have doubled his readers. That their number deserves to be increased we can safely vouch; for M. Marcou has brought to the execution of his task a sound knowledge of the general history of the period, and a conscientious repugnance to getting his more special information second-hand. The fifteen unedited letters of Pellisson to M. De Doneville, which are given in the Appendix, contain some very pleasing and unaffected chat on the classical authors which he or his friend happened to be reading at the time. The famous Fouquet business is narrated with great clearness; and a very tolerable defence is urged on behalf of Pellisson's abjuration of Protestantism, which was so soon to be followed by his appointment as Royal Historiographer.

Another work which seems somewhat to have exceeded the due proportions of its subject is a volume of 440 pages on the

Enemies of Racine.* Our first impression on taking it up was that enemies who had proved themselves so impotent in mar- rying the fortunes of the poet—fortunes unparalleled for the age of the pensioner, historiographer, and commensal of the Grand Monarque, as Racine was—scarcely deserved having their memo- ries embalmed in such sumptuous fashion. A perusal of the work convinced us that this was a case of hobby-riding—very innocent hobby-riding to be sure, and instructive withal, as presenting a congeries of literary anecdotes and criticism which would be valuable to any one undertaking a comprehensive *étude* on the Life and Genius of Racine. There are few portions of this volume which so shake our faith in M. Deltour's judgment as his contemptuous remarks on St. Evremont, incomparably the soundest critic of Corneille and Racine that the age produced. This depreciation, however, is largely condoned by the laudable industry with which the author has collected his facts.

Since last year M. Durand has commenced the publication in an octavo form of the *Comptes-rendus des séances*, from week to week, of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.† The object of the publication (which is edited by M. Desjardins, author of an able *étude* on the topography of Latium) is to bring the labours of the Academy within the range of a wider circle of readers than the quarto Transactions can be expected to reach. Indeed, this octavo volume gives more in some respects than the official quarto is intended to supply. For it enables us to assist, as it were, at each successive *séance*, giving us analyses of the memoirs read—in some cases the entire memoirs themselves (witness M. Maury's on the Etruscan language) together with the discussions which they raised in the learned confraternity. It is the second volume which is now before us. The work is published once a year and costs only seven francs. The quarto or official Transactions, published at irregular intervals, cost five-and-twenty francs.

At the present time, when all the world is reading the *Idylls of the King*, M. Villemarqué's volume‡ on the romances of the Round Table will probably find no lack of readers. If we may judge from our own experience, it greatly enhances our enjoyment of the "deathless verse" to be able to take up this volume and read the original Celtic legends of the Round Table. Apart, however, from the mere *à propos* of this new and re-cast edition of the work before us, M. Villemarqué's name and authority, as the greatest Celtic scholar in France, would suffice to command attention. As might be expected, ample tribute is paid to the meritorious labours, in the same field, of Lady Charlotte Guest, whom he styles the Madam Dacier of Cambria.

We are here reminded of a small volume§ by the same author, which groups together with consummate art, backed by no small labour and learning, three legends, belonging respectively to Ireland, Wales, and Brittany. The three saints whose lives, or at least whose legends, are thus recorded (with the original Celtic text at the end of the volume), are Saint Patrick, Saint Cadoc, and Saint Hervé. The volume forms part of a *Bibliothèque des familles Bretonnes*, and from the simple grace with which it is penned, seems well calculated to form part of a "People's Library." To the same series belongs a volume of *Récits Bretons*,|| by M. Ropartz. These, however, are tales cast in modern times, and are well worth perusal.

Two new volumes by M. J. T. de St. Germain will be welcomed by many of our readers. The first is a *Légende*¶ like *Mignon* or the *Épingle*, and we doubt not will meet with yet greater success than its predecessors. When we read these small volumes—which alone during the last three years have rivalled the *furor* for what may be called the pornography of French literature—we are at a loss at first sight to fasten on the particular qualities which have ensured to them such a rapid and yet steadily increasing demand. It would seem as if the palate of the public, palled by the nauseous diet of a Flaubert or a Feydeau, found a peculiar relish in the pure draughts and simple graces of a healthy order of fiction. As the author himself says in the opening pages of the *Légende* now before us:—"Le foyer c'est le drame éternel, c'est la flamme qui brûlera toujours. Si la famille se disperse, c'est pour se reconstituer au loin; si le foyer s'éteint, c'est pour renaitre de ces cendres; si le flambeau de la civilisation vacille dans une atmosphère impure, c'est au foyer de la famille qu'il retrouve sa lumière. Là est la source vive de tous sentiments, de toute vertu, de toute émotion, de toute vérité." Doubtless the beauties of style in these *Légendes* add largely to the interest of the matter. If any one will compare for a moment the forced inversions, the coarse realism, and the monstrous neologisms which abound in nine out of ten modern French novels, with the chaste simplicity and transparent clearness of these *Légendes*, he will readily understand the grounds of that superiority we claim for them, and which the public seem indeed willing to concede. We are not going to conduct the reader into the home of the needy artist, where the scene is laid, or even explain to him the connexion of the title of "Nightlight" with the story. We can only urge

* *Les Ennemis de Racine au Dix-septième Siècle*. Par F. Deltour. Paris: Durand. London: Jeffs. 1859.

† *Comptes-rendus des Séances de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*. Année 1858. Paris: Durand. London: Williams and Norgate.

‡ *Les Romances de la Table Ronde et les Contes des Anciens Bretons*. Par M. le Vicomte de la Villemarqué. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs. 1859.

§ *H. de la Villemarqué: La Légende Celtique*. Paris: Durand. London: Jeffs.

|| *Récits Bretons*. Par S. Ropartz. Paris: Durand. London: Jeffs. 1859.

¶ *La Veilleuse*. Légende, par J. T. de St. Germain. Paris: Jules Tardieu. London: Jeffs. 1859.

* *Souvenirs et Correspondance de Madame Récamier*. 2 vols. Paris: Lévy. London: Williams and Norgate. 1859.

† *Pellisson: Etude sur sa Vie et ses Œuvres*. Par F. la Marcou. Paris: Didier and Durand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1859.

him to trim his own "Veilleuse" forthwith, and to give himself an hour or two's quiet enjoyment in the perusal of the book itself.

We spoke, however, of two volumes from the pen of M. J. T. de St. Germain. As we take up those delightful poems, the *Roses de Noel*,* we are first struck by the rare beauty of the type, and general getting up of the book. The poems are all made to turn as it were upon one pivot, in the person of Mignon—an ideal creation of the poet's, before which he pours forth all the treasures of feeling and passion which have their home in his breast. We may name as especially admirable the pieces entitled *Je n'étais rien, Le gant de Mignon, Le Monde à deux, L'Hirondelle, La Mer, and Le Credo de l'Amour*. English readers will look with interest, and if need were with indulgence, on the two translations from Mr. Tennyson's poems attempted in this volume. The title of the book, as may be gathered from the stanzas to which it is more specially applied, refers to the poet having tuned his lyre not in the springtide but in the autumn of life.

Another small volume of poetry which, as a typographical *bijou*, is not altogether unworthy of being placed alongside the *Roses de Noel*, is from the pen of M. André Lemoine.† The poems themselves indicate a mind which has striven conscientiously after all the excellence, finish, and purity which the art of verse demands. The chief fault we have to find is, that the author has not duly remembered the maxim, *celare artem*. His productions are not sufficiently effortless—they smell of the lamp. There is, however, a ring of true metal and of honest worth about his poems which is peculiarly fascinating.

M. Roche, whose excellent *Histoire des principaux écrivains Français* we noticed last year, has met with a valuable testimony to his educational labours at the hands of the Conseil d'Instruction Publique. That learned body, after leaving the ordinary round of grammars to have their run for about ten years, has just introduced a formidable rival into the field by authorizing the adoption of M. Roche's *Grammaire Française*‡ into public seminaries. We can safely testify to its merits as at once clear, concise, and philosophical. We would at the same time call attention to a sort of companion work by the same author,§ called *Le style littéraire*. No student of French, and indeed no proficient, should be without it. It is no dry collection of rules and definitions, but a spirited exposition of the true principles of style—the author having the marked advantage over ordinary grammar-mongers, that his literary acquirements enable him to give in his own pages both the precept and the example.

* *Les Roses de Noel, dernières fleurs.* Par le même.

† André Lemoine: *Stella Maria, &c.* Paris: Firmin Didot. London: Jeffs. 1860.

‡ *Grammaire Française.* Par Antonin Roche. Paris and London: Hachette. 1859.

§ *Du Style et de la Composition Littéraire.* Par le même.

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